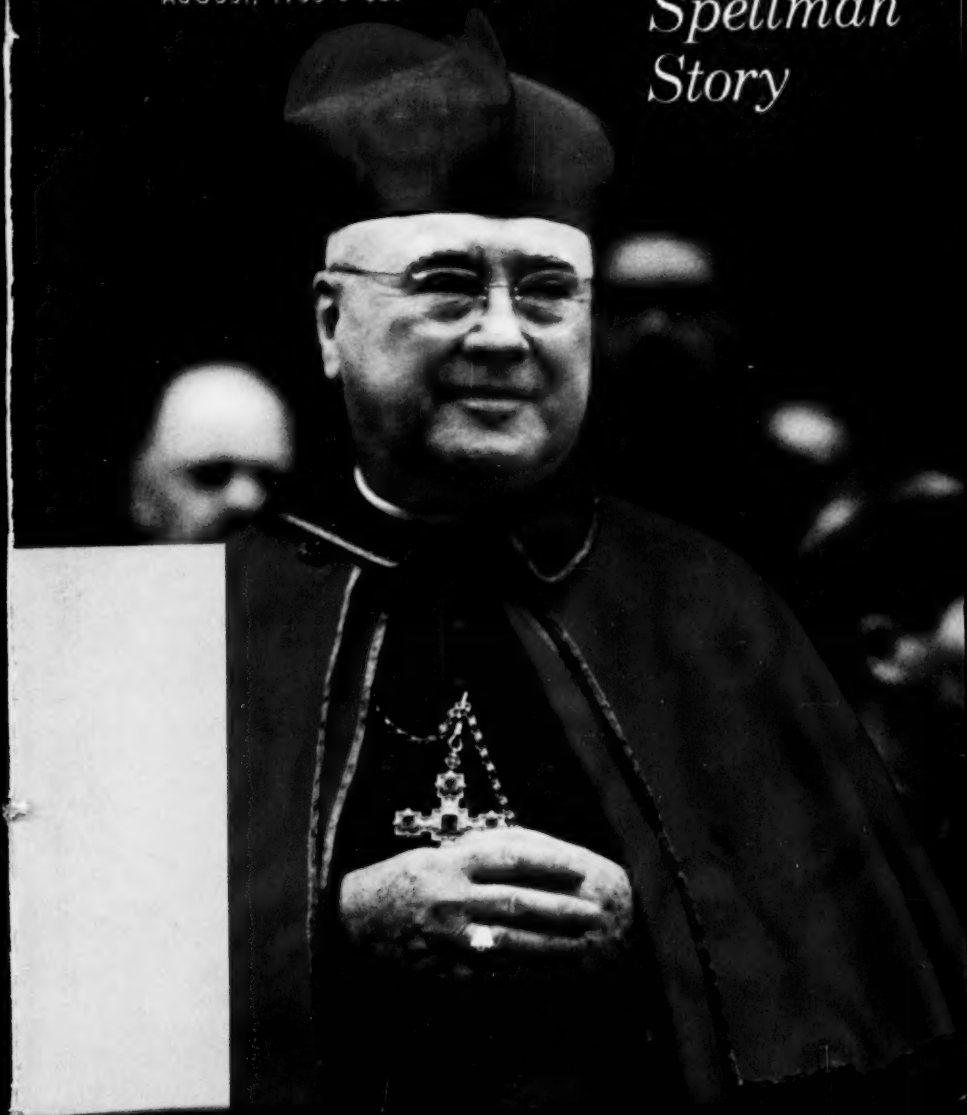


CATHOLIC DIGEST

AUGUST, 1960 • 35c

*The
Cardinal
Spellman
Story*



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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

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SAMUEL G. ENGEL PRODUCTION

THE STORY OF RUTH

"WHITHER THOU GOEST, I WILL GO;
AND WHERE THOU LODGEST, I WILL
LODGE; THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY
PEOPLE, AND THY GOD, MY GOD;"

FROM THE BOOK OF RUTH



STUART WHITMAN · TOM TRYON · PEGGY WOOD · VIVECA LINDFORS
and introducing
JEFF MORROW · ELANA EDEN · HENRY KOSTER · NORMAN CORWIN

CINEMA SCOPE COLOR by DE LUXE 20

By Kay Sullivan



Mahalon warns Ruth (center) and Noemi of the fury of the Moabite unbelievers.

The Story of Ruth

One of the Old Testament's best-known heroines comes to life on the screen

The Bible continues to be a much tapped source for material for multi-million-dollar movie spectacles.

The latest, a 20th Century-Fox production titled **The Story of Ruth**, is based on one of the most touching and oft-quoted stories in the Old Testament. It is a refreshingly restrained treatment, somewhat overlong but sincerely and tastefully done.

The vivid characterizations and in-

tricate plot do credit to the determination and imagination of two men, producer Samuel G. Engel, who conceived the idea of the production some seven years ago, and author Norman Corwin, who worked for nearly a year on the script.

All Corwin had to go on was the fact that Noemi and her husband had traveled to the pagan country of Moab from Bethlehem in Juda. There they

remained with their two sons, who married Moabites. Chelion married Orpha and Mahalon wed Ruth. When both sons and father died, the widowed Noemi decided to return to Juda. One daughter-in-law remained behind, but it was Ruth who uttered the oft-quoted lines: "Be not against me, to desire that I should leave thee and depart: for whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go: and where thou shalt dwell I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. The land that shall receive thee dying, in the same will I die: and there will I be buried. The Lord do so and so to me and add more also, if aught but death part me and thee."

From the Bible passages, Corwin evolved not one but five dramatic chapters in Ruth's life—her childhood, her conversion to Judaism, her first marriage to Noemi's son, Mahalon, the story of her filial devotion to Noemi, and finally, the conflict arising from her later love for Booz.

Ruth is portrayed with dignity and feeling by a newcomer, Israeli actress Alana Eden. Veteran actress Peggy Wood is splendidly cast as Noemi; TV actor Tom Tryon as Mahalon and Stuart Whitman as his kinsman, Booz, whom Ruth eventually marries, are both impressive in their roles.

The film has, all told, 50 principals, 825 extras. However, it is the visual beauty of this \$5-million production that will completely win audiences. Costumes and colors are magnificent.

An interesting sidelight: Ruth's era—roughly 1200 B.C.—had not been portrayed in films, and little research is available on the Moabite civilization. Only by studying data on cultures surrounding the Moabite era were set,

prop, and costume designers able to fulfill their assignments.

THEATER

Theater lovers who travel abroad this fall will have a special lure awaiting them in Ireland. Dublin has scheduled an International Theater festival for Sept. 12-25 in which many leading Irish players, directors, designers, and writers will participate.

According to Lord Michael Killanin, chairman of the festival, some sixteen plays will be staged in nine Dublin theaters, many of them for the first time. New works by Walter Macken, John Keane and Brendan Behan are on the ambitious schedule of events.

As befits an Irish drama festival, one play will be presented in Gaelic. Titled *Spailpin A Ruin*, it is a musical based on the life of the 6th-century king, Eaochan of Connacht, who fell in battle, had himself buried standing up, and was dug up by Sligo men to break a spell he had cast on them.

Siobhan McKenna will appear in a new production of *Playboy of the Western World*; Cyril Cusack will play the lead in *The Voices of Doolin* by Walter Macken; and the Old Vic company is planning a Shakespearean production.

Lord Killanin

One tantalizing angle for U.S. playgoers used to Broadway prices: top price for a theater seat at the festival will be \$1.75. Gallery seats cost as little as 14¢.



TELEVISION

Life of a Carmelite, a unique documentary film in color, televised by WDSU-TV in New Orleans, has stirred up great interest, won much praise for that station's Special Events programming department.

The program vividly portrayed the austere life of cloistered nuns, revealed scenes never before witnessed outside of cloistered walls, including an investiture ceremony.

Ordinarily, a strict papal "enclosure" prevents anyone from the outside world entering a Discalced Carmelite cloister. When this particular convent moved from its old home in Lafayette, La., to a new one just outside of New Orleans, the ruling was lifted for two days. During this time, WDSU-TV cameraman

Joseph Budde was able to do much of the photography showing the daily routine of the convent. For some segments, such as the investiture, he had to pass his camera to a nun within. Although the nun had never used a motion-picture camera, and lighting and camera angles could not be arranged, her photography turned out to be of professional caliber.

The young woman in the investiture ceremony was 18-year-old Kathleen Mullins, daughter of Moon Mullins of Notre Dame gridiron fame. She became Sister Regina of Christ the King, appearing first in bridal attire, later in the white veil of a novice.

The program was narrated by Mel Leavitt, outstanding New Orleans TV personality. Mrs. Jeanne Minge, manager of Orleans Parish educational

Entering gateway to new home are two members of the Discalced Carmelites.



Carmelite novice Kathleen Mullins behind grille bids good-by to friends.



radio station, composed the TV script.

The bulk of the mail that came in after the show stressed identical sentiments, such as "Inspiring and beautiful film—please repeat it. Proves that TV can be worth while."

As a result, wdsu is going to rerun the program and also make it available to other stations.

RECORDS

An entirely different sound is heard on a Coral record (CRL 57323) called **Pietro Diero**. It is a collection of well-known orchestral works performed by a symphony orchestra composed solely of ingeniously modified accordions. The instruments, created in Italy, simulate the various tonal ranges and colors found in a conventional orchestra. They are capable of reproducing every instrument of the orchestra. Mr. Diero, who has dedicated his life to the accordion, was instrumental in getting together the Accordion Symphony society that made this unique record.

The famous Hungarian oratorio, **Nandorfehervar**, which was performed in Budapest on Oct. 22, 1956, the evening before the Hungarian uprising, is now available on an RCA-Victor album (BF-101) from the Franciscan monastery, P.O. Box 218, DeWitt, Mich. The oratorio tells the history of the Christian victory over Moslem hordes in Belgrade in 1456, features soloists from the Budapest State opera. The price: \$7.96, postpaid.

Remember When is a collection of songs going back to the Civil War, all effectively sung by the Merrill Staton choir. The album (Epic LN-3664) is a definite contribution to musical Americana and will intrigue anyone interested in U.S. musical history.

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WHAT'S NEW AND BETTER

Fourth-degree Knights of Columbus will appreciate a specially designed lightweight carrying case for plumed dress hat, baldric, gloves, and rain cover. Made of black pebble-grained Swedish fiber board with reinforced corners, it measures $30\frac{3}{4}$ " x 9" x 8". Price, \$4.95 plus postage. Dept. CD, E. J. Frey, 61 Pinewood, Trumbull 58, Conn.

A boon for motorists is Puncture Gard, new product in an aerosol can that may be injected into tube-type or tubeless tires without removing them from a car. It guarantees permanent protection against punctures and slow leaks. Dept. CD, J. C. Whitney Co., 1917 Archer Ave., Chicago 16, Ill.

Kiddy Katch-All (below) will please parents as well as youngsters. It makes a game of keeping toys put away, rooms tidy. It features a large colorful bag attached to a tubular steel bunny. The extended arms are handy for hanging up clothes. Katch-All can be used for games such as basketball or ring toss. By Hampden Specialty Products, East-



hampton, Mass. Available in two sizes—48" high, \$4.95; 35½" high, \$3.95.

A yard of checkered gingham and two skeins of embroidery floss are all that are needed to turn out this pretty apron with its handy pockets, its fashionable look. Gingham is an old favorite with embroidery enthusiasts, many of whom took their first steps in the craft by working out cross-stitch designs on checks. Professional or amateur, every home owner will find it easy and pleasant to make this pretty apron. For full directions send stamped self-addressed envelope to CD, Coats & Clark, Inc., P.O. Box 495, Fair Lawn, N.J.



For the bride who wonders whether to hang her wedding gown in the attic or pack it away in blue paper, John Van Drill has the answers. No, in the first case. Moisture, dryness, heat, or mice will damage the gown. No, in the second case. Blue paper has no particular value as a protection. Mr. Van Drill, head of the firm of LeBouef in East Orange, N.J., keeps a sharp eye on what happens to the 70,000 wedding gowns sold in the U.S. each year. A good share of them come to him for revitalizing. For prices that start at \$20, he cleans, repairs, and scientifically stores gowns in plastic and gold foil. The happy bride then has no problems except to await her silver anniversary or a daughter's wedding day.

While inventors have been dreaming of a better mousetrap, a smart man in Pennsylvania has come out with every housewife's dream—a pie vent that prevents juicy pies from overflowing. Made of aluminum, shaped like a clover leaf and weighing about a quarter of an ounce, the patented, reusable vent works like magic, letting off steam that normally makes pies leak. Write A. R. Loisch, 133 N. Wells, Glenolden, Pa. Four for \$1.

Molded of tough, washable styrene, "Small Changer" is a tray that fits snugly onto standard crib side rails, allowing mother to quickly turn crib into table top. Tray has washable pad, a safety belt for tying down small squirmers while they are being dressed. By Strolee of California, under \$10.

An aptly named household gadget is the Painter's Pal. A device that fits onto all quart and gallon-size paint cans, it simplifies getting paint from can to wall surface, keeps excess paint drippings in can, removes overflow from brush for quick cleaning. \$1 from Johnson Industries, Dept. CD, 3494 Granton Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Fish don't care what the weather is like. The Natural History Survey division of Illinois tried to match changes in weather with the number of fish caught over a period of 12 years at a particular club. There were none. At the Michigan Institute for Fisheries Research, a biologist studied and correlated the results of 4,000 fishing trips. His conclusion: "Fish bite as well when the barometer is falling as when it's rising."

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Inside the Vatican

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

 *Inside the Vatican* shows the Church in action, as manifested in the pontificates of Pius XII and Pope John. The author, Corrado Pallenberg, is not a Catholic. He spent 12 years writing the book.

The size and importance of the Church among all religions of the world were the first things that impressed Pallenberg. Scarcely less noteworthy were her vitality, aggressiveness, and "extraordinary unity and continuity of command which no other dynasty in the world can boast."

Because of these qualities "one can confidently boast," says the author, "that no other religion has influenced so deeply and for so long the way of living, of behaving, and of thinking of so great a part of humanity. Today 5 million persons work, in one capacity or another, for the Catholic Church; 20 million boys and girls are being educated in Catholic schools; and 13 million adults and children receive assistance from Catholic charitable organizations."

The dramatic fashion in which the Church has become the moral standard-bearer in the struggle "be-

tween West and East, between democracy and communism, between freedom and dictatorship" has vastly impressed Pallenberg.

In his final chapter Pallenberg gives us an engaging outline of what he has tried to accomplish.

"We have been wandering together, a little at random, through the Vatican labyrinth, taking a peep through half-closed doors and keyholes.

"I have tried to show what kind of man Pius XII was and what he did for the Church. I have also indicated what kind of a man the present Pope is, what he has already done, and what he is likely to do. I described what went on in the Sistine chapel when the Cardinals locked themselves in to elect Pope John.

"The organization of the Church has been dealt with, in trying to explain in simple, lay terms the actual functions of the various Congregations, offices, and tribunals with their strange Latin or medieval names, which form the central administration of the Church. I have probed into the vast financial empire of the Vatican. I have tried to bring you close to monks, friars, and nuns and

the men and women who go around in civilian clothes looking like you and me but who have taken vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience.

"I have presented an outline of the dramatic struggle between the Vatican and the Kremlin as well as a quick survey of the many problems the Catholic Church is facing in the world. The complicated business of how saints are recognized and how marriages are annulled has been discussed. I have reviewed the Pope's tiny but colorful army, and we have descended together under the foundations of the great basilica in search of Peter's tomb and bones.

"In the course of this excursion a number of rather unusual characters have crossed our path: ascetic, dignified, indefatigable Pius XII; his devoted housekeeper, Mother Pasqualina, his three nephews, his two unorthodox doctors, Galeazzi Lisi and Niehans; the witty, benevolent Pope John; Vatican bankers and archaeologists; the nun with the permanent wave and fur coat; the devil's advocate; Don Juan, the saintly sinner; the 'secret monks' of *Opus Dei* who control the political, intellectual, and economic life of Spain; and the Cardinals Spellman, Tisserant, Minds-

zenty, Wysinski, Tardini, and Montini, just to list a few of the many people who have appeared in this narrative. Some of them you may have liked, others disliked, but I hope you have found it worth your while to have met them."

Pallenberg has written a brilliantly informative book. It is also honest and objective, and especially notable for its brilliant biographies and analyses of personalities that make up the papal court and government.

Though Mr. Pallenberg set himself the task of writing a completely factual book, the divinity of the Church flashes out to us in unmistakable fashion all through the volume. We see how defectible human beings are and yet how magnificently God uses his instruments.

Inside The Vatican is a fascinating book, which will be read with delight and profit by all Catholics who wish to call themselves well-informed. It is a 274-page volume, handsomely illustrated with 33 pictures. It is published by Hawthorn Books, Inc., at \$4.95 (but only \$2.95 to Catholic Digest Book Club members). To join the club write to: Catholic Digest Book Club, CD80, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13.



RUSES OF ADVERSITY

A wealthy Texan ordered his chauffeur to make a U turn at the next intersection. The man objected that a strict municipal ordinance forbade such a maneuver.

"Then stop the next Cadillac coming in the opposite direction," replied the millionaire, "and buy it."

Frances Benson.

By Charles J. V. Murphy
Condensed from "Fortune"

The Cardinal and the City

The growth of Cardinal Spellman's New York archdiocese symbolizes the fuller Catholic emergence into the mainstream of American life

THERE IS A STORY they tell affectionately in New York parishes. The prelate who presides over that flourishing archdiocese, presenting himself at the gates of heaven, was asked by St. Peter for his name and a fact or two that might commend him.

"Francis Cardinal Spellman," was the answer, "but I prefer to think of myself as a simple parish priest who had a million and a half souls in his care."

St. Peter excused himself, explaining that he would have to consult his files. When he returned, he said that he had been unable to find an entry. "Perhaps," he suggested, "Your Eminence's good works have been listed under another

category? Would that be likely?"

The applicant then said, "I published meditations, prayers, poems, and a novel." St. Peter again returned in confusion. "I'm afraid," he said, "that your writings, however commendable, have escaped our records. Was there not yet some other activity that should have attracted our notice?"

With some acerbity, the cardinal said, "Among other things, I built

50 churches, 200 schools, as well as hospitals, homes for the aged and afflicted, Religious houses, and other establishments too numerous to count."

St. Peter vanished a third time. He came back in a state of overflowing apology. "Come right in, Frank,"



*540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. February, 1960. © 1960 by Time, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

he exclaimed. "We had you under 'Real Estate.'"

The cardinal's close associates who enjoy this story would not do so if they had any doubts concerning the deeply religious character of the man. Two decades ago, in his first sermon from the pulpit of St. Patrick's cathedral, he made it clear that he was not overimpressed by the reputation of his great new see as "the richest" in the Catholic world. He quoted St. Paul: "We look not at the things that are seen but the things which are not seen. For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

His flock has never doubted that the tremendous uprush of bricks and mortar in the archdiocese is incidental to his spiritual responsibilities. He shoulders such responsibilities with a dogged energy that his 71 years have not quenched.

In 1939, when his friend Pope Pius XII called him to be Archbishop of New York, Francis Spellman, the son of a grocer, was a little-known auxiliary bishop living in a Boston suburb. From this obscurity he has become, after the Pope, the world's most influential prelate, though his actual jurisdiction is confined to his archdiocese.

Four elements came together to account for Cardinal Spellman's rise to prominence: his many-sided personality, the vitality of his see, the gradual emergence of Catholics to a new position in American society,

and the vastly increased importance of U. S. Catholics in the Church.

THE ARCHDIOCESE of New York is one of sharp contrasts. Among his own flock Cardinal Spellman probably has more millionaires than any other Catholic bishop in the world; but his attention can never be far from the slums of Spanish Harlem, where live some of the poorest and most wretched Americans to be found anywhere.

The latest wave of migration to flood into New York brought 600,000 Puerto Ricans in two decades. The vast majority of them are baptized Catholics, although many have lost touch with the Church, and the cardinal accepts their spiritual welfare as his charge. This pastoral effort, however, also involves the patient drudgery of social rehabilitation, education, and Americanization. Upon the cardinal and his associates falls a large share of New York's responsibility for absorbing a flood from an alien culture.

Cardinal Spellman has moved vigorously to deal with the challenge. The Archdiocese of New York works closely with a group of volunteers in Puerto Rico, who interview migrants and make sure that they will find friends in the city when they arrive. Half of the newly ordained priests of the archdiocesan seminary are now dispatched to Puerto Rico to spend three months learning Spanish and studying the Puerto Rican customs.

Some of the services in at least 100 churches in Manhattan and the Bronx are given in Spanish. The older priests in many parishes have learned some Spanish. Many parochial schools have been rapidly re-oriented to absorb the young Puerto Ricans and bend them to ways that are Catholic and also American.

The cardinal's deployment of his establishment to cope with the Puerto Rican migration is a remarkable demonstration of the Church's capacity for social action in a situation gravely affecting the whole community.

Another of Cardinal Spellman's responsibilities is one that extends far beyond New York. It is a forceful example of how Catholics have established themselves in a society that from its beginning had a predominantly Protestant cast.

On the eve of the 2nd World War, Catholic chaplains with the U.S. armed services came under the ecclesiastical authority of Cardinal Spellman, as head of the Military Ordinariate. This, his "second archdiocese," extends to all parts of the world where U.S. troops are stationed. During the war this establishment had nearly 3,000 chaplains (a 12th of all U.S. priests) attached to training camps, fleets, air bases, and armies in action.

Cardinal Spellman himself visited every front to say Mass on the battlefield. It is still his custom to pass the Christmas season with the forces overseas. Last winter he called on

bases in Turkey, North Africa, and Europe. These personal visits, combined with his continuing supervision of the nearly 1,800 Catholic chaplains still attached to the military, have brought the Church into the midst of the great mass of American youth on a previously unknown scale. Ever since the last great war, many generals and admirals, whether of his faith or not, have on their visits to New York made a point of "checking in with the cardinal."

THE GRAY Gothic mass of St. Patrick's cathedral on 5th Avenue is the seat of the cardinal's spiritual authority. The administrative apparatus serving that authority radiates from the chancery on Madison Ave., a four-story house in the Italian Renaissance style. It used to be part of the town house of Whitelaw Reid, principal owner and editor of the *New York Tribune*, and ambassador to Great Britain and to France.

The chancery is directly across the street from the residence where the cardinal lives, in the lee of the cathedral. In the conversion of the interior to a business headquarters, the marble balustrades, crystal chandeliers, teak and oak floors, marble fireplaces, and painted and carved ceilings, which testify to an elegant past, have been carefully preserved. From this complex (which long has been known as the "Powerhouse") the cardinal governs his ever-changing see.

There are about 2.5 million Cath-

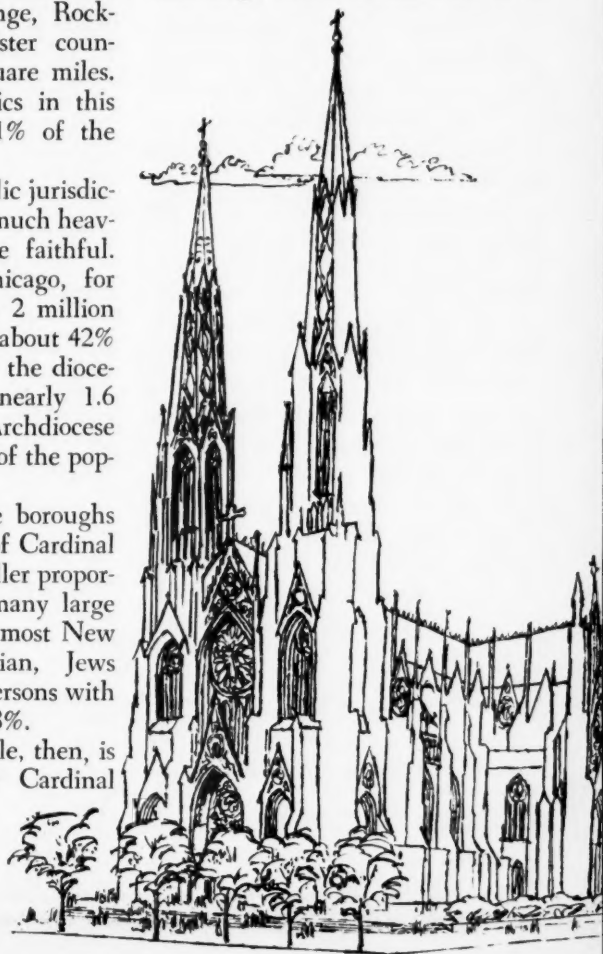
olics in all of New York City, but slightly more than half live in Brooklyn and Queens, which together form a separate diocese under Bishop Bryan J. McEntegart. Within the city, the Archdiocese of New York takes in the boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, and Richmond (Staten Island); beyond the city it spreads northward to include Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Orange, Rockland, Sullivan, and Ulster counties—a total of 4,717 square miles. The 1.5 million Catholics in this area constitute about 31% of the people.

There are larger Catholic jurisdictions in the nation, with much heavier concentrations of the faithful. The Archdiocese of Chicago, for example, contains nearly 2 million Catholics, who represent about 42% of the population within the diocesan territory. And the nearly 1.6 million Catholics in the Archdiocese of Boston constitute half of the population.

New York City, three boroughs of which form the core of Cardinal Spellman's see, has a smaller proportion of Catholics than many large American cities. In fact, most New Yorkers are non-Christian, Jews amounting to 27% and persons with no religious affiliation, 28%.

All the more remarkable, then, is the intense activity of Cardinal

Spellman's organization. Its physical symbols, the least important but the most obvious part of its work, arise on every hand. The value of the construction that the cardinal has built during the two decades of his incumbency is put at \$353 million, a record no other churchman of the times has come anywhere near matching. Nor is a climax in view.



*St. Patrick's
Cathedral*

He now has about \$66 million of additional construction in progress. The expectation is that, barring a national calamity, the expansion and modernization of the ecclesiastical plant will continue at the present rate.

In the archdiocese are ten auxiliary bishops, 2,521 priests, and 401 churches. It operates 327 elementary schools and 103 high schools. The system contains 6,371 teachers and 216,000 students, or about 35% of all the school children in its area. At the college level there are a dozen establishments, mostly small, but including Fordham university, in the Bronx, managed and partly staffed by the Jesuits, with more than 10,000 students.

The archdiocese has two seminaries: Cathedral college on West End Ave., which takes candidates at about the age of 14 and carries them through the high-school curriculum and the second year of college; and St. Joseph's seminary at Dunwoodie, on the outskirts of Yonkers, which provides the six additional years of training. The archdiocese also helps support institutions for training the Sisters and Brothers who teach in the schools or staff the Catholic hospitals, of which there are 20, several of them ranking with the largest and best in the city.

OBVIOUSLY, a good deal of money is needed to keep so big an organization going. The archdiocese does not disclose—or even know—all of the

revenues collected by the scores of organizations under its jurisdiction. (Their listings fill a telephone book thick enough for a small city.)

Accounts of the parishes, institutions, and Religious Orders, which are substantially self-supporting, are not all consolidated in any archdiocesan balance sheet. Nevertheless, an examination of the major diocesan activities suggests the magnitude of the revenues.

There is, to begin with, the current annual outlay, which runs to at least \$50 million, for new construction and renovation. Catholic charities spend another \$50 million a year. Operating costs of the Catholic schools probably approach \$22 million annually. These figures by themselves come to about \$122 million a year.

Beyond these major costs are many smaller ones: upkeep of the churches, the dozens of novitiates, convents, home and foreign missions, and other institutions. The contribution to the Vatican, Peter's Pence, collected in all churches usually on the 3rd Sunday of January, might run to \$1 million.

The annual contribution to the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, which supports the Pope's missionary work, is higher still. In addition, the archdiocese contributes heavily to the Catholic Relief Services for those in distress overseas.

Taking all these items into account, the annual revenues and collections of all Catholic institutions

in the archdiocese (only some of which are administered by Cardinal Spellman) must be around \$150 million.

This works out to be at least \$400 per Catholic family in the archdiocese, a staggering figure when it is remembered that perhaps a third of New York's Catholics (mainly the Puerto Ricans) are in the lowest income brackets. Yet even that dollar figure is not a true measure of the Catholic contribution to the city's civic obligations.

The Catholic schools, for example, are largely staffed by teaching Sisters and Brothers, and the hospitals are partly staffed by nursing Sisters whose upkeep in their Religious houses amounts to about \$80 a month. Their devotion and frugal living make it possible for the Catholic elementary schools to educate their pupils at a cost of about \$85 a year (compared with at least \$300 in the city's elementary schools), and for Catholic charities to have phenomenally low overhead costs of less than 5¢ on the dollar.

The heavy flow of contributions isn't peculiar to New York. American Catholics generally contribute to the Church and its charities at a level unknown in any European country. This is partly—but only partly—because Americans have more to give. From the Church's precarious beginnings in the American colonies through the 19th century, American Catholics, receiving no help from public funds and with

few rich donors, became accustomed to giving a substantial part of their modest incomes for the support of the Church and its schools.

The relative affluence of the Catholic Church today is one aspect of a remarkable lesson in American social history. The vast majority of Catholics coming to the U.S. entered the American economy at or near the bottom. The vertical mobility of American society allowed them to rise to a fuller participation in U.S. life. It has been only in the last few decades that the economic position of Catholics as a whole has approached the national median.

The habit of giving, while deeply ingrained in American Catholics, is not maintained without hard, persistent work. "Catholics will give when they know what they are giving for," says one of Cardinal Spellman's aides.

The cardinal devotes much of his own effort to informing his flock of specific needs for charitable contributions. His appeals, read from the pulpits of the archdiocese, usually contain a vivid description of the plight of those to be helped, together with a gentle reminder of the relative comfort enjoyed by those to whom the appeal is addressed. New York Catholics have the confident impression that funds raised under Cardinal Spellman's direction will be disbursed with both warmth and efficiency.

DURING his 43 years as a priest,

Francis J. Spellman has had experience with many aspects of his Church's work. He was born on May 4, 1889, at Whitman, Mass., a small manufacturing town. Both of his parents were second-generation Americans. All four of his grandparents had settled around Boston during the wave of Irish immigration in the middle of the 19th century.

Francis, the eldest of five children, went to the public grammar and high schools, delivered newspapers, helped out in his father William's grocery store, and worked one summer as a conductor on the local trolley.

He first came to New York as a student at Fordham university. A conscientious rather than a brilliant student, he became a debater, an earnest poet, a contributor to the *Fordham Monthly*, and a member of an undergraduate scientific society. On the eve of his graduation he made up his mind to enter the priesthood. That summer, after an examination in Boston, he was accepted by the North American college in Rome.

From the age of 21 until his ordination five years later he was subjected to a rigorous discipline. He studied philosophy and theology, became fluent in Latin and Italian. The long day began with Mass at 5:30 A.M. and ended with prayer at 10 P.M.

He attracted the interest of one of his teachers, Msgr. (later Cardinal)

Francesco Borgongini-Duca, who was himself highly regarded at the Vatican. That friendship would, a decade later, change the young American's career.

Father Spellman was ordained in 1916, and returned to Boston. For two years he was assistant pastor of a small church in Roxbury. The archdiocese was then under the rule of the remarkable William Cardinal O'Connell, a towering prelate of towering purpose. He called Father Spellman to be assistant to the chancellor of the archdiocese, a post that introduced him to administration, and later appointed the young priest to the staff of the *Pilot*, the archdiocesan newspaper.

In the Holy Year of 1925, Father Spellman was sent on a pilgrimage to Rome with a Boston bishop who was not at home in the Italian language. Pope Pius XI, at his audience with the pilgrims, greeted them eloquently in Italian, in a welcome that lasted a quarter of an hour. The bishop's translation was perfunctory—something to the effect that the Pope was glad to see them in Rome.

Father Spellman's old teacher, Borgongini-Duca, saw the Pope's puzzlement at the drastic abbreviation of his discourse. When next the Pope had occasion to address pilgrims, Father Spellman translated. The translation this time took even longer than the discourse. The Pope, who understood English though he did not speak it, was pleased. Not long afterward Father Spellman was

asked to return to Rome and join the staff of Cardinal Gasparri, papal secretary of state.

He was the first American priest to be recruited for this office, which conducts the Vatican's diplomacy. When he returned to Rome, it was to stay seven years. He had a minor but influential part in Pius XI's continuing struggle with the fascists, as well as in the negotiations leading to the Lateran treaty of 1929, which established the sovereignty of the Vatican State.

Father Spellman introduced the Vatican to American publicity techniques: the mimeographed handout and the "background" news conference. When the Vatican opened its radio station in 1931, and the Pope first broadcast a message to the world, it was the American priest whose voice was next heard.

Meanwhile, Cardinal Pacelli, who would become the saintly Pius XII, had succeeded the ailing Gasparri as secretary of state. Between Pacelli and the industrious American a warm relationship soon developed. The thin but wiry Pacelli was an enthusiastic hiker; he introduced his chubby friend, during their holidays together, to the less rigorous Alpine slopes.

When in 1932, at St. Peter's, Father Spellman was consecrated a bishop by Cardinal Pacelli, he was robed in the same vestments Cardinal Pacelli had worn at his own consecration. His episcopal ring was the

gift of his teacher, Borgongini-Duca.

He came back to Boston with the rank of an auxiliary bishop. For the next seven years Bishop Spellman, in addition to his duties as auxiliary, was pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Newton Center, a pleasant Boston suburb. It was an expanding parish, with a fine new school and a worrisome debt.

During the depression years his latent talents in fiscal matters came into view. One of his most effective money-raising projects was a horse show, a fashionable innovation in an archdiocese where the clambake and the country fair were traditional features of parish social life.

In September, 1938, Cardinal Hayes died in New York. While choice of a successor was being pondered, Pius XI died. Cardinal Pacelli was elected Pope. One of his first important appointments, in April, 1939, was that of Bishop Spellman to the Archdiocese of New York.

His elevation was a shock to the local hierarchy, which had been expecting one of its home-produced bishops to succeed. A former assistant of Cardinal Hayes recalls, "I wouldn't say that the new archbishop was received with enthusiasm." Nor did he, for his part, expect to be welcomed with brass bands. Before leaving Boston he took the precaution of writing the telephone number of the Madison Ave. residence in the back of his breviary.

(To be concluded)

What Your Eyes Reveal About Your Personality

It's plenty, and there's not much you can do about it



SCIENCE HAS CONFIRMED what many men have long suspected: that merely by watching a person's eyes you can peek at his character. Investigators in universities and research foundations have been studying the extent that our eyes reveal personality. Some of the discoveries have amazed even the scientists themselves.

Studies of eye movements and brain-wave patterns conducted at the Liftwynn Research foundation, Westport, Conn., showed that people whose eyes frequently wander, flitting from this object to that, tend to be impulsive. They were likely to be easily influenced by whims, strongly opinionated, often biased, and generally hard to reason with. They were much given to daydreaming and wishful thinking.

People whose eye movements were slower and less frequent tended to have a realistic outlook on life. They could think objectively about their problems. They were open-minded in discussions with others; they would weigh all considerations before acting; they preferred facts to

surmises, and harbored few prejudices.

Can you spot an anxious person by watching his eyes?

Yes. Studies conducted at Ohio State university show that a person's blink rate is directly related to how much anxiety he feels. People who blinked most frequently averaged the highest anxiety scores on personality tests. A nervous person may be able to control other outward signs of anxiety, but it is all but impossible for him to control his blinking. (Card players take note: if your opponent's blink rate steps up, you've got him worried.)

Do your eyes reveal how sensitive you are to pain?

Science has found, surprisingly enough, that the color of a person's eyes shows his sensitivity to pain. Exhaustive researches at the University of Melbourne indicate that blue-eyed persons tend to be least sensitive to pain, those with dark eyes, most sensitive.

The university tested more than

400 persons from various walks of life, ranging from three to 50 years of age. Color of each subject's eyes was carefully noted. The pain reactions of the subjects ranged from 1. those who showed no pain reaction to a given stimulus through 2. those whose reaction was slight and 3. those who evidenced marked reaction to 4. those whose reaction was so great as to require a local anesthetic to relieve the pain.

Not one blue-eyed subject required the anesthetic, and only 2% of those with blue-gray eyes did. However, an anesthetic was needed by almost a third of the subjects with light-brown and brown eyes, and by more than half of those with dark-brown. To double-check their findings, the investigators repeated the tests several weeks later, with similar results. Here is the order of pain sensitivity in relation to eye color, beginning with the least sensitive: blue eyes, blue-gray, green-gray, green, hazel, light-brown, brown, dark-brown.

Can you tell if a person is telling the truth by watching his eyes?

The popular idea that a shifty eye denotes deceit was put to the acid test on students at Colgate university. Half of them were instructed to steal certain objects from a room, then to lie when questioned by investigators. (They were promised a reward if they could deceive the investigators.) The other subjects were instructed merely to enter the room,

and to tell the truth when questioned.

Each subject was then interviewed separately by investigators. In 75% of the cases, the interviewers were able to detect accurately whether a student was lying or not simply by watching his eyes. In the great majority of cases the innocent students met the questioners' eyes with a steady gaze; those who lied were shifty-eyed.

Subsequent investigations carried on at the same university showed that when a person attempts deceit, the pupils of his eyes usually enlarge slowly, then very rapidly contract.

So if you want to find out if a person is telling the truth, watch his eyes for these signs.

Suppose that your eyes bother you—and yet there's nothing wrong with them?

A great many people complain of eye trouble even though examinations show their eyes to be perfect. Their symptoms may include almost any kind of eye discomfort: blurred vision, burning of the eyes, twitching of eyelids, spots before the eyes, vague aches in the eyeball, hypersensitivity to light, difficulty in reading.

Ophthalmological studies show that when such symptoms have no physical cause, they are the result of emotional conflicts. The real trouble may be tension on the job, an unhappy love affair, frustrated ambition, domestic strife, or financial pressure. So if your eyes are bothering you

and examinations show there's nothing wrong with them, ask yourself a few honest questions. Before your eye trouble will clear up, you've got to find means of resolving your conflicts. As one psychiatrist has pointed out, our eyes are organs of contact with reality; if we find reality too painful, our eyesight may become affected.

What about those people who wear dark glasses when the sun isn't shining?

The person who habitually wears

dark glasses even though his eyes are normal and the sun isn't shining is likely to be a neurotic. Colored glasses shield the emotionally insecure person. And one who is overly tense is hypersensitive to even normal light. Of course, it isn't always true that someone who wears colored glasses when the sun isn't out has neurotic tendencies. He may be a prominent person who wishes to travel incognito; or he may be suffering from genuine eyestrain. But considered with other factors, the dark glasses may be a tip-off.



DUE PROCESS

The judge said, "I don't understand this case. The defendant has pleaded guilty to one burglary, but the prosecution charges that he broke into a dress shop three times."

"It was like this, Your Honor," said the burglar. "I broke in once and took a dress. But my wife made me take it back and exchange it twice."

American Salesman (June '60).



An old Southern gentleman, down on his luck, was haled into court on a vagrancy charge. The county judge, an arrogant political appointee, took pleasure in humiliating the old man.

"I notice on the police blotter," he said with amusement, "that you gave the arresting officer the name Colonel Clement Johnson. Just what does the 'Colonel' signify?"

"That 'Colonel' in front of my name is something like the 'Honorable' in front of yours," the old gentleman answered. "It doesn't mean a thing."

American Mercury (June '60).



A young lawyer bored the jury with a lengthy harangue. He was followed by his opponent, a veteran of the courts, who bowed graciously to the judge, and said, "Your Honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just spoken, and submit the case without argument." *Senior Scholastic* (18 May '60).

Agnes Repplier Revisited

*She was as cosmopolitan as the Eiffel Tower,
as American as the Liberty Bell*

ST. JOHN'S in Philadelphia is the busiest of city churches. It stands in narrow, swarming 13th St., across from Wanamaker's, not 100 yards from the City Hall. Its stones speak of the history of the faith in Philadelphia for the last 130 years.

Beside the gray Gothic church is a tiny graveyard. Its single path, leading to a red-brick rectory, is bordered by the flat tablets of burial vaults. In one of the family crypts, shadowed by tall buildings, lies Agnes Repplier, one of the finest stylists in American literary history.

She was born in Philadelphia in 1855, during the first month of James Buchanan's administration. She died there in 1950, with Mr. Truman in the White House. Over all that span of 95 years and 18 Presidents, in spite of wide travels, she never lived long outside a central square mile of her native city.

For 60 years she was a literary celebrity. Boston accepted her in the mid-80's, when to be noticed by that city's intellectuals was a gold seal of quality. The shy, reserved Philadel-



phia writer had just been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and had scored by her lucid style, dry wit, and learning.

The younger Agnes had been the despair of her family and of several schools. She first went to school when she was ten, and finished at 15. She did not learn to read until she was past seven, and then only because her mother sternly forbade any one to read aloud to her.

The first book she really managed for herself was Goethe's *Faust*, in translation. It was an odd beginning for a girl of ten. In spite of her intensely feminine outlook she was a

*141 E. 65th St., New York City 21. April, 1960. © 1960, and reprinted with permission.

useless child around the house. She was incompetent with the needle, hopelessly butterfingered with fine china, not even to be trusted with errands.

In the end, she was restricted to dusting. There were many books to dust, and that led to Goethe and Byron, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Jane Austen—all devoured by little Agnes, sitting on the parlor carpet, with her dust cloth at her side.

Her formal schooling of five years began at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Eden Hall, in Torresdale, only a few miles up the Delaware from Philadelphia. It ended at Agnes Irwin's school in the city. She said herself that after the tight discipline of her mother's house boarding school was a paradise of freedom. Yet both schools sent her home, regretfully, as too self-willed.

It was an unlikely preparation for a career that brought her honorary degrees from Columbia, Princeton, Temple, Yale, and the University of Pennsylvania. In 1911 she became the eighth woman to receive, as a distinguished lay Catholic, Notre Dame's Laetare medal. The National Institute of Arts and Letters elected her to membership in 1926, and in 1935 she was their gold medalist in Belles Lettres.

Her mother seems to have been a woman of massive common sense and acute perception. When her daughter, aged 15, came home from Agnes Irwin's under a cloud, after the ladies of the Sacred Heart had

also given up on her, Mrs. Repplier said two tries were enough. Henceforth, little Agnes could educate herself.

She did; and all her life a recurrent theme with her was the value of leaving children alone as far as possible. If there were regrets over her interrupted education, she kept them to herself. As for college, in 1873, when Agnes was 18, colleges for women were hardly known. Bryn Mawr, the nearest to Philadelphia, would not even be founded until 1884.

Before she reached her 17th birthday, a family crisis arose. Her father met with heavy business losses. He had to sell his large house on Chestnut St. The Reppliers moved to a much smaller place in West Philadelphia, then almost suburban. The daughters had to think of supporting themselves.

Mrs. Repplier distributed the assignments. Mary, the older daughter by four years, should teach. Agnes must write, and what she wrote she must sell. It was as simple as that.

With no teacher but herself, Agnes served a long apprenticeship. She found openings for little features and short stories in the *Young Catholic*, the *Philadelphia Sunday Times*, and *Frank Leslie's Magazine*. Of this period, she observed later that, of course, she had nothing to say, but that she spent ten years learning to say that nothing tolerably well.

In the early 80's a turning point

came. The *Catholic World* began to publish her short stories for a fair price. More important than the \$50, a handsome sum in those days, was the fact that she aroused the editor's interest. He was a distinguished convert, Father Isaac Hecker, founder of the Paulists. Hecker had been a friend of Thoreau, and had been a member of the Brook Farm community 40 years before. He had known Hawthorne, Emerson, Bronson Alcott (father of Louisa May), and Margaret Fuller.

Father Hecker told her that fiction was not her strong point. Her work had a bookish tinge; she knew little about the wide world; she should concentrate on the essay. What author did she admire most? She said, "Ruskin." "Write me something about Ruskin, then," he said. "And make it brief."

Her essay *Ruskin as a Teacher* appeared in the *Catholic World* in 1884. Two years later, she made her literary debut in the *Atlantic Monthly*, then under the guidance of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Between that time and 1940, when she was 85, the *Atlantic* published 90 of her adroit essays.

By her 35th birthday, she was fairly launched; her first volume of collected essays was out, and was a success. A long visit to Boston had brought her into contact with the great planets of the literary universe. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes looked her over and told her she was "a nice lady." She met on equal terms Julia

Ward Howe, Sarah Orne Jewett, and James Russell Lowell.

In her own city, with the passing years, she became a legendary figure. She was twice president of the Contemporary club, an old lecture and discussion group. She met and impressed everybody of consequence who came to Philadelphia during a half century. On her birthday, April 1, the newspapers had a standing assignment to send a feature writer down to Clinton St. to see what Miss Repplier thought of how the world was wagging.

Generally her opinions revealed her as a fastidious, enlightened conservative. In politics, her one great idol was Theodore Roosevelt. On other points she was individualistic. She smoked cigarettes in an age when ladies and nicotine were supposed to be mutually exclusive. "Tobacco was meant to ease your nerves," she said crisply, accepting it as one of the good things of God's world.

"There has been only one passion in my life," she observed. "Cats." She did a whole book, *The Fireside Sphinx*, on the subject, and late in life told an interviewer, "It is the best book about cats ever written. I'm not so modest that I can't say that." One of the crosses of her old age was a housekeeper who could not abide cats and was excessively fond of playing the radio, which Miss Repplier never considered anything but impertinent noise.

The familiar essays with which

Agnes Repplier first made her mark still read well, both for their content and as models of lucid, sparkling prose. But essays, like chamber music, are for a minority of connoisseurs. She reached a much wider public with the biographies she wrote in the 1920's and 1930's: *Junípero Serra*, *Père Marquette*, and, particularly, *Mère Marie of the Ursulines*.

With Mère Marie, who founded and was the first superior of the great Ursuline convent and school at Quebec, Agnes Repplier felt thoroughly at home, even at a distance of three centuries. It is a wonderful story, this account of the missionaries who took the faith to New France, and it remains as well worth reading now as it was in its days on the best-seller list.

The idea of a capable, cultivated woman more than holding her own in the rough man's world of a pioneer colony, and creating a famous Religious foundation out of faith and good works, had a strong appeal for the biographer. In telling the life of Mère Marie and her Community against the picturesque background of early Canada, Miss Repplier

broke with the pale tradition of pious hagiography. Her heroine is a warm human being. The story of her dealings with royal governors and bishops, colonists, Iroquois warriors, her little Indian charges, and the hazards of frontier life makes a fascinating tale.

The University of Pennsylvania is now building a series of ten residence halls for women students. As a group they will be known as Philadelphia House. They will honor distinguished women of the city. Announcing the selection of Agnes Repplier on a list that begins with Hannah Penn, William's able wife, the *Pennsylvania Gazette* had this to say: "Essayist, biographer, lecturer, world traveler, yet always a part of this city which she knew so well, Agnes Repplier received her first honorary degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1902.

"Devoted to Church and family, overmodest, she said: 'My niche may be very small, but I made it myself, and what is more remarkable, I got it out of Philadelphia.' Witty, captivating, patrician, she was as cosmopolitan as the Eiffel Tower, as American as the Liberty Bell."



GRASS ROOTS

President A. Whitney Griswold of Yale got to chatting with a student on the campus. The young man carried on such an intelligent conversation that the president asked him if he was in the top half of his class.

"No, indeed, sir," replied the student. "I am one of those who help make the top half possible."

Mrs. S. Lee.

Every man has a right to vote

Should we not enact a constitutional amendment to guarantee it?

I WELL REMEMBER the day the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights walked into President Eisenhower's office to be sworn in. After the ceremony, the President sent everyone else out of the office and sat down to talk to us.

He said, "This problem that you are addressing yourselves to is the most serious domestic problem on the whole American scene today. To the extent that we can solve it, we will be worthy to hold up our heads in the company of the other nations of the world. It's rather ridiculous to take a world posture on the meaning of democracy and equality and equal opportunity and not to practice it at home."

He added, "I don't know the answer. That's why you gentlemen have been commissioned. Now it is your problem. We'll do all we can to help."

With that, the six of us walked over to an empty office on Jackson Place. We sat down in a room furnished with a dusty desk and six chairs. We said, "Where do we begin?"

It was to be a long trip from that

empty office to a front porch in Land O'Lakes, Wis., where last summer we again sat down around a table. This time we were surrounded by pine woods and soft lake breezes. We tried to hammer out a final report for the President and Congress after about a year and a half of hearings and deliberations.

It was quite a surprise to us (and I'm sure a surprise to many others) that we came up with a report at all. If ever a commission seemed dissonant in its composition, it was the Civil Rights commission, with three Democrats, two Republicans, and an independent (myself); with three Southerners and three Northerners; with two former governors of states, two law deans, and two university presidents. Yet I think we developed for each other the kind of understanding, and perhaps at time compassion, necessary in any fruitful solution to this vexing problem.

Father Hesburgh is president of the University of Notre Dame. President Eisenhower appointed him to the Commission on Civil Rights in 1957.

*At the Civil Rights conference sponsored by the Notre Dame Law school, Feb. 14, 1960.

Last summer found us in Shreveport, La., trying to investigate the problem of voting in a state where thousands of Negro voters were being swept from the rolls. It was a terribly hot place during July. As we got off the plane we were greeted with papers from the U.S. marshal: a new experience for me, anyway. And we were told that our preparation was for naught, because by order of the federal judge there would be no hearing.

At that juncture, since our deadline for the report was near, we betook ourselves to northern Wisconsin, where a kindly gentleman had left an estate to the University of Notre Dame. We sat down on the front porch—only after having gone out fishing together—and tried to agree on recommendations.

When we handed in the report on Sept. 8, 1959, I told President Eisenhower that perhaps there was one important fact he had been unaware of when he appointed the commission. The group not only had the dissonances I spoke of earlier, but it had one great point of unity: all six of us were ardent fishermen. I don't know if the report could have been written except in a fishing camp, where we could intersperse our discussions with a little angling. (The Lord was good to us, because we caught a lot of fish, too.)

I remember one night when we sat past midnight. We had come to what was really the crucial point of our report: what were we going to

do about voting? Not a man of us failed to recognize that there were millions of people qualified to vote who probably would not be able to vote for the next President of the U.S., much less for their senators, congressmen, and state officials.

We had seen some of these people. They weren't units to us. They were flesh and blood.

Some of them were veterans with long months of overseas duty and decorations for valor in service. Some were ministers; others, college teachers, lawyers, doctors. All were taxpayers.

Some were mothers of families, hard pressed to tell their children what it is to be a good American citizen when they could not vote themselves. All were decent, intelligent American people. Yet they could not cast a ballot for President.

Some had gone through great hardships attempting to register. They had been subjected to incredible indignities. They would go to a courthouse, and instead of going in where the whites registered, they would have to go to a back room. There they would stand in line from six in the morning until two in the afternoon, since only two were let in at a time.

Then intelligent men with Doctors' and Masters' degrees would sit down and copy like school children the 1st or 2nd Article of the Constitution. They would be asked the usual questions, make out the usual questionnaires, hand in self-ad-

dressed envelopes—and hear nothing for three months. And then they would go back and do it over again, some of them five, six, or seven times, some of them standing in line two or three days until their turns came.

All of us (I'm sure I speak now not just for myself, but for the Southerners and Northerners on the commission, the Democrats and the Republicans) knew that something must be done about this situation, as quickly, simply, and cleanly as possible.

We really came up with two solutions. One of them appears in our report as a recommendation approved by five members of our commission, and the other as a suggestion—I don't know by what official term you would designate it, since it was approved only by the three Northerners on the commission.

The recommendation had to do with federal registrars. We simply said it was a well-known fact that there were people well qualified to vote who were unable to vote, and that there should be some mechanism known to man whereby this vote could be obtained. If, as we had demonstrated, it was impossible for such people to vote now, then it was the duty of the federal government under the 15th Amendment of the Constitution to provide some means allowing them to do so.

We thought that the method should not involve great expense. It should not involve human indignity, or fear of reprisal, or economic sanc-

tions. Somehow these people should almost be embraced by the government—allowed a little extra privilege, if you will, because of the indignity they have had to endure already in trying to exercise their primary right as citizens. That is how we came up with the idea of federal registrars.

It was not our thought that this plan would clean up the situation for all time; but we thought it was a creative approach toward assuring on the federal level what could not be done at the state level. And we thought that it was in keeping with the Constitution.

So the little commission that really didn't look like very much to us in the beginning came up with a kind of bombshell, after all.

Then there was the proposal by three members of the commission: that there should be an amendment to the Constitution declaring for all time simply, clearly, undeniably that every American citizen has the right to vote. This right would not be circumscribed by the federal government or any state or individual. It would depend simply on two easily proved factors, age of the person in question, and length of his residence within a given state. Congress would enact appropriate legislation to see that this right is honored in all states; and its only limitation would be by reason of legal confinement at time of registration or voting.

This proposal, I think, goes to the heart of the problem. To me the seat

of infection is as simple as this: literacy tests in the states under question are being applied in discriminatory fashion, and as long as man is ingenious, and such tests exist, discrimination at the polls will be practiced.

There are two approaches to the problem. One is to try to discover some way to direct the ingenuity of man towards a better end than keeping people from voting. The other is to ask how serious is the demand for literacy as a voting qualification.

The latest statistics indicate two startling facts: America is now 97.8% literate, more educated today than at any time in its history. But less than 25% of Negroes in the South are registered to vote.

I think it is high time that we stood up before all the nations of the world to say we believe in democracy, and think the heart of democracy is that everybody has a right to vote for those who will govern him. We have said this clearly in our Constitution, but it now appears that an amendment is necessary to make this ideal operative.

If the amendment for universal suffrage is enacted, then I defy anybody to find legal ways around the simple qualification for the vote. (I cannot imagine lawsuits going on for two or three years to determine whether someone is 21 years old or has lived in his state for the required period of time.)

I think that a strong statement of our belief in universal suffrage

would be one of the most dramatic things America could do today, when the total uncommitted colored one-third of the world is pressed to choose between the democratic philosophy of life and that of the Soviets. The Soviets cannot say they believe in the things essential in the philosophy of the West: the dignity of the human person, the spiritual nature that gives a man the title to unalienable God-given rights, the respect which each may expect, the equality of opportunity that must be his. Making a fact of universal suffrage would be the most impressive way to affirm the things we believe. We would be saying to the world that we really are committed to the system we wish them to follow.

I once stood at the 63rd St. station in Chicago waiting for the South Shore train. A young Negro nurse was standing next to me. We had a 20-minute wait; since I'm not much for standing alone and meditating on the tracks, I decided to have a conversation with her.

I asked her about her job and how she found working in Chicago and about her family situation. After the ice was broken, she told me about her little boy of whom she was very proud, a son four years old.

She said, "You know, Father, I was giving him a bath the other day, and I told him, 'Now take this soap and scrub yourself real hard.' And he said, 'Mommy, if I scrub myself hard enough will I be white?' And I said, 'No, you're colored and you'll always

be colored.' And he said this simple thing: 'It's better to be white.'"

My reaction to her story was to exclaim, "Did you let him get away with that?" She answered, "Why shouldn't I let him? Isn't it better to be white in America?"

I said, "Maybe on the surface it's better, but this isn't the way a youngster should think with a whole life before him. Because what is today does not necessarily always have to be, and, please God, it won't be the permanent pattern of our nation."

NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

One of the best ways to improve your vocabulary is to read widely, paying attention to prefixes, roots, and suffixes that combine to make up the words of our language. You will soon observe that words are not composed of letters thrown aimlessly together; they are, instead, composed of meaningful elements.

Note how the Greek *octo*, which means eight, enters into the make-up of the dozen words below in Column A. Then see if you can match them with their meanings found in Column B.

Column A

1. *octagonal*
2. *octennial*
3. *octogenarian*
4. *octameter*
5. *octuple*
6. *octosyllabic*
7. *octavo*
8. *octant*
9. *octarchy*
10. *octachord*
11. *octave*
12. *octopus*

Column B

- a) Having eight syllables.
- b) In music, a series of eight tones; eight-stringed musical instrument.
- c) Eightfold; to multiply by eight.
- d) A line of poetry containing eight measures.
- e) Government by eight rulers.
- f) The eighth part of a circle; an arc or angle of 45°.
- g) A book size (about 6 x 9 in.) determined by printing on sheets folded to form eight leaves or sixteen pages.
- h) An eight-armed sea animal.
- i) Eighth day after a festival; any group of eight, especially musical notes.
- j) One who is eighty years old; pertaining to such an age.
- k) Happening every eighth year; lasting eight years.
- l) Having eight angles and eight sides.

(Answers on page 45)

California's Big-Brother Bank

A fiscal colossus preserves the informality and friendliness of its founder, A. P. Giannini

AT THE WINTER OLYMPICS in Squaw Valley this year a Swedish skier had trouble exchanging his *kroner* for American dollars. "Go over to that hut where the skaters are lined up, Alex," a friend told him. "Though it doesn't look like it, the place is a bank. They even have a teller who speaks Swedish."

The skier hurried to the temporary structure housing the Bank of America's Olympics "facility." In no time at all he converted his foreign money into greenbacks. "The pretty young lady teller spoke Swedish and wished me good luck!" he later reported.

Such efforts at making friends with strangers is nothing new to the "B of A," California's fiscal colossus. Although it is the world's largest bank, it strives to overcome the curse of bigness by being a pal to California, the other states, and the people of 28 nations.

It goes to any lengths to make depositors happy. In San Francisco's Chinatown, the local branch of the Bank of America has an abacus on each counter. The laundrymen,



waiters, and shopkeepers have more faith in the ancient Chinese counting gadget than in the electronic machines humming away in the back rooms. Here, too, Chinese is spoken by all of the 27 bank employees who work under Miss Dolly Gee, one of B of A's best business getters in Chinatown.

When B of A opened its main Los Angeles bank some years back, Amadeo Peter Giannini, the ruggedly individualistic founder of the institution, put up signs reading: *Se habla Español, Govori se hrvatski, Si Parle Italiano, Man Sprecht Deutsch.*

Foreign-born residents of the city came in, doubt in their faces and crumpled currency and cookie-jar banks in their hands. They chatted with tellers in their native tongues; then lingered to open accounts and seek loans.

After the communists seized power in Russia, the Bank of America aided refugees who were eager to come to the U.S. In 1924, it prepared more than 1,000 affidavits of financial responsibility for Americans of Russian descent who were eager to bring their kinsmen here.

The bank has grown even faster than California has, no mean feat when one considers that the Golden State increased its population 47% since 1950 against 18% for the nation as a whole. Today 486 out of every 1,000 Californians are depositors. And B of A has 7.4 million accounts.

Though it has almost \$12 billion in resources, the bank takes infinite pains to make the humblest depositor as satisfied as the man who has \$1 million lying around to invest.

One day bank officers in San Francisco heard that an Italian railroad foreman in Tracy, Calif., had withdrawn his \$5,000 savings. He was pessimistic about the financial strength of the institution.

A vice president journeyed to Tracy, some 75 miles away, and asked genially in Italian, "Why are you worried about us and telling people that you have withdrawn your money?"

"I heard that a bank president died in Italy and that people had trouble getting their *lira*. Soldiers with bayonets kept depositors from entering, *signor*."

"But that wasn't our president or our bank," the official said. "See,

here is his picture; Mr. Giannini is in the best of health. Now, will you put back your money with us?"

The man not only did, but banked another \$3,000. He told his friends about the stability of the Bank of America, which "sent the vice president to see me!" As a result, 30 new accounts were opened by the Tracy branch within 48 hours.

This burning desire to be liked, even loved, has permeated the bank since its founder, the late A. P. Giannini, organized the tiny Bank of Italy in San Francisco in 1904. He entered banking because he was annoyed by the indifference shown to North Beach, the city's Italian colony, by older, richer financial institutions.

Giannini, whose personality still dominates the sprawling financial empire, was a husky, leather-lunged young man who stood six feet, two in his stocking feet. He was born in a dingy hotel room in San José of poor parents who had recently emigrated from Genoa.

At 15, young A.P. was prowling the lush valleys of the state in his buggy, buying fruit and vegetables for a commission dealer. The rough-mannered giant had a burning confidence in California's destiny. He borrowed \$150,000 from friends, neighbors, farmers, and laborers to open his first bank in a one-room former saloon.

Giannini swept out the bank himself, and was up at 5 A.M. soliciting accounts from fruit and vegetable

men. He hired an ex-longshoreman as his assistant cashier. The young bank president was accessible to everybody. Peddlers saw him for \$25 loans. Clergymen brought their woes to him.

He roamed the streets from dawn to dusk, knocking on humble doors to get clients for his little bank. It became a \$2 million organization within two years.

At first, conservative bankers in San Francisco viewed the upstart with disdain. But their amusement turned to envy and then to respect as he became the self-avowed champion of the "little man," seeking the deposits of stevedores, newsboys, waiters, seamstresses, trolley conductors, and others to whom banks had been forbidding places.

In 1906, Giannini was awakened at his San Mateo home to receive some shocking news. "An earthquake has almost destroyed San Francisco. The city is in ruins. People are wandering the streets in a daze. They've lost everything."

"Not our depositors!" growled A.P. With volunteer helpers, the young banker loaded \$2 million in greenbacks, gold, and silver into a vegetable wagon and toured the still quivering and burning city.

A few feet from smoking rubble, Giannini sat at a rickety table, paying off depositors and making loans from his vegetable-wagon treasury.

"I've got no security, *signor!*" wailed a tailor. "My home and my shop have been destroyed."

"Your face is your security, Luigi!" boomed A.P. "It's not pretty but it's honest. Here, how much do you need to get started again? Two thousand? Three thousand? Take it—pay us when you get on your feet."

Another ragged man said he had come from Calabria the previous year, but the earthquake had made him a pauper.

"Let's see your hands," demanded the bank president. "You got calluses on 'em?" The man had; he had worked hard as a carpenter.

"Give him \$1,000," Giannini directed a teller. "He's going to work rebuilding our town."

In this manner, several thousand San Franciscans who had thought they were wiped out obtained funds for rebuilding.

From that day, A.P. was a giant in San Francisco, though Montgomery St. bankers wailed that he was robbing the profession of its dignity.

Anybody from a shoeshine boy to a U.S. senator could see A.P. All his life, he lived in a \$5,000 house. "It's good enough for me—why move?" he said.

When a bank officer turned in a chit for reimbursement of taxi fare, A.P. hit the ceiling. "What's the matter with the bus or streetcar? I use 'em all the time!"

He originated the unprofitable "dime accounts" for school children. "I don't want to make money from the kids' deposits, but it's a great way to teach them thrift and good citizenship."

When Hollywood, still in the "flicker" stage, needed money for its early epics, most banks took a dim view of the fledgling industry. Not so Giannini.

"How much do you need?" he asked a relatively unknown comedian named Charlie Chaplin. "I'll lend it. You have something people like—those moving pictures."

Chaplin got \$150,000 from Giannini and used it to film his great hit *The Kid*. Since then, the Bank of America has lent Hollywood more than \$175 million.

There are 637 Bank of America branches in more than 350 California communities. It has structures resembling Gothic temples as well as crude makeshift quarters thrown up as California grew at a frightening clip.

When a *banco* was formally opened in the Mexican district of Los Angeles, Mexican-Americans trooped in to eat *tacos* and to meet the Spanish-speaking employees. The building carried out the Mexican motif; colorful tiled floors, redwood ceilings, and piped-in music with a Latin-American flavor.

In the B of A empire, the jackhammers, riveting guns, and cement mixers are never silent. Somewhere, every day of the year, a new Bank of America is going up or an old one is getting a face lifting.

Heading the multibillion dollar chain is S. Clark Beise, a quiet but hard-driving Minnesotan, son of a country doctor. He has been in bank-

ing ever since his high-school days.

Beise, a former bank examiner who caught the attention of A.P. in 1936, became a vice president that year. He has sought to keep Giannini's spirit of community service and friendliness alive in every branch of the global bank.

The service a B of A man renders doesn't end at the close of the business day. Some time back, a young couple motoring with the wife's mother overturned on the highway near Bakersfield, Calif. The mother was killed. The husband and wife were rushed to the hospital in critical condition. A bankbook found in the wreckage revealed that the injured couple were Bank of America depositors.

Each morning, a bank official called at the hospital with flowers, candy, books, and magazines. Specialists were obtained, hospital bills paid, relatives telephoned—all with the help of B of A people in Bakersfield.

When the grateful patients were discharged, the Bakersfield head cashier put them aboard a train for San Francisco, where they were met—you guessed it—by other B of A officers.

When disaster strikes, Bank of America men are on hand as soon as the police, Red Cross, and militia. Several years ago, the Marysville-Yuba City area was punished brutally by floods. Bank officials in rowboats and swamp buggies circulated through the stricken towns, pulling

in victims, finding temporary shelter for many, and cheering disconsolate merchants and farmers with the offer of immediate loans.

Such courtesies are remembered by customers. Indeed, some of the bank's depositors have a quaint notion of its functions.

One day a customer in Stockton, Calif., wrote to Dolly Gee at the Chinatown branch: "This is to let Bank of America know I do good cooking, work same cafe long time. Now my family want me return to China, find wife there. But boss say: 'Why not get married here?'"

"So, I write you, bank, and ask please find wife as service to me, Lee Chow. I send my picture. Write me name of girl; I will come to San Francisco and marry same."

By good fortune, Dolly Gee knew an eligible Chinese miss. The wife seeker was summoned posthaste. The outcome: marriage.

People abroad sometimes think of B of A as an official arm of the American government. It isn't, of course. But it does many helpful things which reflect credit on our country.

The bank helped revive the Phil-

ippine copra trade after the 2nd World War, and stimulated Japan's textile industry with generous loans. A full year before the Marshall Plan got under way, the bank had advanced \$37 million to Italian industrialists to get factories humming again. It has 67 offices scattered throughout Italy; and there is a subsidiary which functions in the Middle East, the Far East, and in Central America.

A. P. Giannini, the man who said, "I've always been afraid of becoming a millionaire," never was one. When he died in 1949, his estate totaled \$489,000, not a vast sum for the founder of one of the world's largest banking networks. The bulk of this money went into a foundation to provide scholarships for bank employees and for medical research.

One passage in A.P.'s last testament gives the measure of the man: "Administer this trust generously and nobly, remembering always human suffering. Let no legal technicality, ancient precedent, or outmoded legal philosophy defeat the purposes of this trust. Like St. Francis of Assisi, do good—do not merely theorize about goodness."



LIGHTS OUT!

In a Seattle, Wash., apartment house, 20 of the 27 tenants own hi-fi or stereo sets. The landlord, after receiving several complaints about the late-late music, issued a stern edict: "No hi-fi music will be played after 10 P.M."

Furious, the hi-fiers banded together. Each bought the same record, and the next night, at precisely 10 P.M., all sets were turned on full blast. The music was "Taps."

Coronet (May '60).

By Allen J. Fleming, M.D.
Condensed from the "Journal of the
American Medical Association"*

The 145-Minute Cocktail Hour

*Maybe Congress should
act to end the chaos*



THE SECOND ROUND of drinks was in progress when my wife and I arrived at the party. We were presented to the guest of honor, a Mr. Hollyfield, McIntosh, or Baldwin. Just as we were getting a few names sorted out, a waiter began pushing a tray of cocktails under our noses. Another, carrying a plate of tidbits, was weaving among us like a star quarterback.

Mr. Hollyfield, McIntosh, or Baldwin, as the case may be, was from Superior, Wis. He started to tell us about the influence of the Lake Superior sea lamprey on the fish business. But a flock of newcomers arrived and I became separated from that particular conversation.

I ended up high, but not dry, with an amateur trombone player from Joplin, Mo. By the time I rejoined the general conflagration, I was brought up short by a gentleman from Passaic, N.J., who regaled me with a detailed account of his opera-

tion. A couple of other hypochondriacs joined the discussion, and that called for another drink. At this point, the clinical session was addressed by a lady from Mobile, Ala., who had been operated on recently for a condition bordering on hysteria. The conversation grew rather technical.

By now I was full of shrimp, olives, and salted peanuts, so I joined an intellectual-looking group on the porch. They were discussing the amount of toxic fusel oil in various types of whisky. Bourbon, I was told, contains more fusel oil than Scotch. I was relieved to hear this, for I was beginning to blame my indigestion on the shrimp, olives, and peanuts.

I was told that fusel oil is one of the things that gives whisky its flavor, but that one should not take too much of it. I learned that what I

*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill. March 5, 1960. © 1960 by the American Medical Association, and reprinted with permission.

had been drinking as plain whisky and water was in fact a complex mixture of aldehydes, esters, tannins, and parts of an old keg tossed in for good measure.

At that point my wife touched me on the arm and reminded me that we were due at another cocktail party. We hurriedly said good-by to Mr. Hollyfield, McIntosh, or Baldwin, and hoped we would see him again sometime.

"Why are you shouting?" asked my wife as we drove away.

I did not deign to reply.

Some of us who have watched the progress of social drinking during the last 30 years are beginning to wonder if we are not overemphasizing the cocktail hour in our business, professional, and social life. Few formal dinners start off without one. The cocktail party for many has become the only reliable form of entertainment.

Professional meetings and conventions are liberally interspersed with cocktail hours, many of which are sponsored by manufacturers to create good will for their products. As it happens, at the end of the party many guests cannot remember the name of the host, the name of the product, or how they got there in the first place.

The cocktail party is much the same the country over. In New York, the affair may be held on the 44th floor of a skyscraper in a room overlooking the 51st floor of an adjoining building. (This may be difficult for

nondrinkers to understand.) Or perhaps the party takes place at some club in the 3rd basement of a renovated tenement, the atmosphere of which would have made the air in the Black Hole of Calcutta seem fresh. The drinks are the same in the basement as on the 44th floor. However, the former locale offers some advantages to those who enjoy double martinis with the olive in a separate glass.

The cocktail, it is said, was born in New Orleans. No fewer than 60 such drinks were invented there.

In Houston, Texas, you cannot get a cocktail legally unless you attend a cocktail party, are a member of a club, or look thirsty. The intent of the Houston restrictions is to promote sobriety in public places. So if you are a stranger in town craving a drink, you must buy a whole bottle. The sobriety thus promoted is one of the pleasant memories of a visit to Houston.

One cannot help but note the scintillating character of the casual remarks that seem to pop off during cocktail parties. Here are a few examples from various areas. Knoxville, Tenn.: "Any dang fool should be able to get 50¢ worth of power from half a million dollars worth of uranium!" Berkeley, Calif.: "Wagner is unique among composers for having written a violin obbligato to a trombone solo." Wilmington, Del.: "Give me the tax that someone else has paid the salary on." Boston, Mass.: "New York is a city where a lot of

people from small towns make good entertaining a lot of people from small towns." Richmond, Va.: "No wonder the country is confused, with Congress passing laws no one can interpret and the Supreme Court interpreting laws no one has passed."

Somehow or other these six o'clock bits of alcoholic wisdom evaporate overnight and are lost forever in the beginning of another day.

Clubs, societies, and institutions like to climax their annual meetings with a grand banquet. To this, they invite a speaker of some renown to lend dignity to the affair. Chances are he has a prepared address on "The Rise of Socialism in the Democratic Party." It is the same address he gave in Grand Rapids the week before under the title "The Fall of Republicanism Under the Fabian Influence."

The evening usually begins at 6:30 P.M. with a "social" hour. Along about 7:45 P.M., the members straggle boisterously into the banquet hall carrying the final highball with them. As soon as the guests of honor are settled at the head table, waiters begin slinging shrimp cocktails around and distributing a carefully calculated ration of three-quarters of a piece of celery and six-tenths of an olive per person.

By the time the seven-course meal is finished and cigars have been lighted, a heavy pall of somnolence has descended from the frescoed ceiling. It is unreasonable at this point to ask a man who has con-

sumed half a pint of whisky, a cup of *potage garbure*, a big steak with green beans *à la zingara*, potatoes *à la graisse*, salad conglomerate, and a *bisque tortoni* to listen to a talk on anything. He should be home in bed.

The chairman rises, and spends half an hour introducing guests who need no introduction. Then the guests all rise to say how glad they are to be where they are and not somewhere else.

The guest speaker's turn comes at last, and for 45 minutes he addresses a tranquilized audience which applauds automatically at appropriate intervals without becoming fully conscious. As the meeting breaks up, everyone remarks that the speaker was good—perhaps a trifle long, but very good. It is the kind of praise expected from people who have just been warned on a full stomach of the dangers of socialism.

Experts tell us that one of every 15 social drinkers in the U.S. becomes an alcoholic. In this respect, we are ahead of the Russians but behind the French, of whom one in ten is considered a problem drinker. The Frenchman's annual intake of pure alcohol is 52 pints, compared to 15 pints in the U.S. For years, our District of Columbia has been trying to equal this record, but thus far the best it can do is a measly 20 pints a year.

It would be a wonderful boon if we could detect in advance the 4% of our population that might become problem drinkers. Some of our great

scientists have been searching for a test whereby we can predict whether a child may become an alcoholic in later years.

Possibly by adjusting diet we can prevent such a catastrophe. This news will come as a distinct blow to psychiatrists who think that the alcoholic is what he is because he has not succeeded in being what he wants to be.

It will be interesting in the future when little Johnny goes to school and is confronted with a battery of tests to determine his physical fitness, his mental capacity, and whether he should or should not drink alcohol. The report his parents receive may well look something like this.

Test	Findings
Binet	Score 118 (two points higher than his teacher).
Rorschach ..	Introverted, ambidextrous, nonconformist; may end up in the Supreme Court.
Biological affinity for alcohol	Tolerance low, oxidation fair; hypothalamic seat of thirst in brain unstable; should not have beer with his lunch.

However, until such a test is perfected, we must take a less dramatic approach. Usually, if a given phenomenon threatens to become a national menace, Congress sets up a committee to determine if a problem exists and where it exists. (They get through by five o'clock so as not to

miss that cocktail party on Connecticut Ave.)

In the case of social drinking, however, we have already gone far beyond this point. The 18th Amendment marked the birth of our dismal effort and the 21st Amendment its demise. Prohibition produced an era of crime from which we have not yet recovered.

If we are to do anything about excessive social drinking, let us leave Congress, the Supreme Court, and the Constitution of the U.S. out of the picture. Business and professional groups could act to reduce the frequency and length of the pre-dinner cocktail hour. Thus alcohol may serve a useful purpose as an *apéritif* rather than as a stimulus to noisy conversation.

At home, there are other ways to entertain than the cocktail party: dinner, if you wish, but never so large that you are unable to become really acquainted with your guests during the evening.

This is not to say that a drink should not be a part of the occasion. A small amount of alcohol does produce relaxation and increases gaiety by removing our customary shyness, reserve, and preoccupation with other matters. This is particularly true as we grow older, and it becomes more difficult to dispel harassing daily events.

However, there is a big difference between a cocktail and a cocktail hour, and the difference is usually about an hour and 25 minutes.

Sister Lauretta and the Blue Ribbons

A nun who teaches science in a Marshfield, Wis., high school has amazing results with the project system

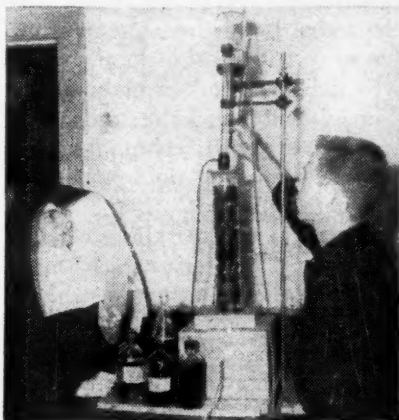
DURING THE LAST nine years, six finalists in the National Science Talent Search, sponsored by the Westinghouse Educational foundation, have come from Columbus High school in Marshfield, Wis. The school has also placed 18 winners in the Wisconsin Junior Academy of Science. All these students have been pupils of Sister Mary Lauretta, S.S.N.D., a science teacher at Columbus High.

Marshfield has a population of about 15,000. It is not an industrial or particularly science-conscious community, but rather is given over to such light manufacturing as wood-working and cheesemaking. The average income is comparatively low. And, as Sister Lauretta admits with a shrug, "There are the same distractions for youngsters here as elsewhere: television, shoddy magazines, hot rods, sports, and dances."

The town is proud of its drinking water, its parks, and its schools. There are three Catholic churches; slightly more than 60% of the people are Catholic. Columbus High, a large and modern Catholic school, spreads over a city block on the

western side of town. It serves the entire community; some of its students come from the surrounding countryside.

Nine years ago, when Sister Lauretta was assigned to Marshfield, Columbus High was just becoming a four-year high school, an outgrowth of a long established two-year high. Her task was to organize the science department. She didn't have much to organize. Laboratory facilities consisted of a home-built cabinet, a few test tubes and beakers, and about a dozen partially filled bottles of chemicals. She wasn't discouraged.



She had received a B.S. with a major in chemistry and minors in physics and mathematics at De Paul university in Chicago. Later she earned a Master's degree at Marquette university. She had taught at Messmer High in Milwaukee, and while there was one of the founders of the Wisconsin Junior Academy of Science. She brought to her new assignment a unique enthusiasm and a system, as she puts it, for "stretching minds."

What she found as laboratory equipment forced her to make adjustments which have become a distinctive feature of her teaching method. She had to teach chemistry by the "semimicro" method, using small amounts of essential materials.

"It is the eye-dropper approach instead of the full test tube," she says, "and not favored by all teachers."

As she explains the system, "All the student projects center around simple, ready-to-hand materials, because we can't afford the more expensive ones. So we get apples from the orchard, peat from the marshes. Once we got a host of local spiders, who did their work at night for us. The system forced the students to work out their own techniques, without spending their time putting up elaborate apparatus."

Today in the sparkling, efficient classroom laboratory which Sister designed, the same simple methods prevail. The only change has been in the increase of necessary equipment. Nothing essential for demon-

strating experiments in physics or chemistry is lacking. Sister Lauretta supplements these new facilities with other aids. She accepts donations of books and science journals. "They may be old issues, but they are new to us, and most are far-reaching in their ideas. The students read them with interest."

She also uses the services of the Wisconsin traveling library, the state university library, and the National Science foundation's high-school traveling library.

In the area of special projects Sister Lauretta has found unusual means of encouraging students to seek blue-ribbon goals. "Many of the projects which I suggest come through my reading. I even get some ideas from reading advertisements!"

"When I have a chance I ask for something special—as I did one year when I told my relatives that all I wanted for Christmas was two small mice. When they arrived—heavens! There I was surrounded by my students, the opened box before me, and mice scurrying under the shredded paper of the shipping case. The students watched, waiting. Nothing else to do but roll up my sleeve, plunge my hand in, and pick up a mouse from the litter. Then the students took over, after seeing that I wasn't frightened. I admit I have never quite gotten used to handling mice, toads, frogs, bugs, and the like."

Sister Lauretta readily admits that she continually learns from the stu-

dents. "My, how much I learn! You know, no teacher can coach students in areas where their wide range of interests may lead unless she herself knows the subjects adequately. The students' reading makes more demands upon the teacher. Students will even use their newly acquired knowledge to check up on the teacher. And when they have reached the plateau where they begin to offer information instead of asking for it, then they are over the hump in their science work."

The student projects have brought wide recognition to Columbus High. "Believe me," Sister says, "I deplore this publicity. Of course, some good comes of it, but it brings too much attention to one course, one teacher, whereas the result is the work of many teachers. Then, too, it makes the students perhaps too conscious of becoming winners rather than proficient students or scientists."

When I asked Sister Lauretta whether there was any "secret" behind the astonishing success of her students' projects, she said quickly, "No, indeed. There is no formula but work. That comes first, even when they have interest and enthusiasm."

I next asked her the questions that occur to many people: "Do you assign the projects to the 'exceptional' students? Or let students work on projects during regular class time? Or maybe do a part of the work for them?"

Sister Lauretta answered thought-

fully, "Those are questions that should be answered fully. I do none of their work. I take an interest in each project, of course, because I must learn about it. I guide; I counsel when there seem to be obstacles in their approach. When they come in and say, 'I'm done, Sister,' I may suggest a new corner that they should turn, some new investigation. I encourage, but never push."

"All the work is done during free time. The students have freedom of the laboratory, including use of necessary material. How much time they spend, what other social activities they must forego, or what other chores they may have—they make the decisions about such things."

"For example, this year's winner, Virginia, plays in the school band, in the student dance band which plays at some of their socials, and in the civic band. All make great demands upon her time, but she gave up other things, and used her weekends and after-school hours for research. I have always found an interest increases in other areas as soon as the student working on a science project sees things from a higher vantage point. It increases his capacity all around—and my, these young people have such great capabilities!"

Sister Lauretta talks briskly and gestures freely, the starched white bib of her habit crackling as her arms emphasize her words. "Now for the question of picking the students for the projects. Many come in after class and ask to be permitted to do a

project in biology, physics or chemistry—even in electronics. They know that they must be up in all their other school work: when regular school work fails, they are not permitted to carry on projects.

"Sometimes a student has an idea he wishes to follow that's not too practical, or with which he cannot reach a sound result. I may let him try it, just to prove a point to himself, because it may lead him to a solid project. If he has nothing definite in mind, I ask him what he is interested in, and suggest a project along that line."

The projects show a wide diversity of interests. Each year Sister Lauretta has four or five major projects in progress for the annual Junior Academy of Science meeting.

"Not all win prizes," she says, "but winning is not the thing. It is so much more rewarding to see the student meet a challenge, then expand his potential, always going higher. Today there is perhaps too much emphasis on science. People forget that a good scientist—a good *anything*—is not really good until he has become accomplished in other subjects. In the current interest in finding special students for science, the humanities have been side-tracked—a serious mistake. For we don't—and we can't—live by test tubes."

In each of the last six years, one student from Columbus High school has gone on to appear among the winners in the National Talent

Search, and compete for scholarships. In 1955, Kathleen Hable won with a study of heredity in mice and fruit flies. In 1956, Ida Louise Riendl presented a study in the biochemistry of eight cheeses. In 1957, Robert W. Adler examined electrophoresis in the study of diseases; he made electrophoretic separations of blood serum into five components of albumin and the globulins, a lack or overabundance of any one of which could indicate the presence of disease.

In 1958, Jane Karau's winning project was "Natural Dyes for Home Use," a study of dyes derived from such substances as lichens, fungi, and berries. In 1959, Ronald Gates studied the biochemistry of vinegar, deriving 22 types of vinegar from common substances like apples and prunes. The winner for 1960, Virginia Perner, presented as her project, "Fossil Pollen Identification of Post-Glacial Vegetation in Five Wisconsin Peat Areas."

In addition, Columbus High has had 18 project winners in the Wisconsin Junior Academy of Science. Subjects have included the increase of chromosomes in plants that augment their growth into giantism, the fashioning of a lie detector, and the classifying of butterflies.

Sister Lauretta emphasizes the ways in which the other teachers contribute to the students' success. "My students have excellent help and preparation from their mathematics teacher, from their English

teacher, and others. Then we receive fine cooperation from other students and from such people as the agents at experimental stations, a technician at the local medical clinic, and from many parents. Our principal, Father Richard D. Rossiter, has developed a plan here to encourage learning."

She points out that the projects have excellent side effects. "For example, we have a camera club and our own darkroom. The students prepare all the pictures for projects,

all the photomicrographs. Some who are interested in photography enter the national photographic contest conducted by the Eastman Kodak Co. Then, too, those working on projects are given the opportunity to speak on their subjects before the assembled students. In this way everyone learns.

"And don't forget that we have here that wonderful addition to all work: prayer. So there is a spiritual gain also. All of the national winners were daily communicants."



ANSWERS TO NEW WORDS FOR YOU (Page 31)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. octagonal (ok-tag'o-nal) | l) Having eight angles and eight sides. |
| 2. octennial (ok-ten'i-al) | k) Happening every eighth year; lasting eight years. |
| 3. octogenarian
(ok-toe-je-nar'i-an) | j) One who is eighty years old; pertaining to such an age. |
| 4. octameter (ok-tam'a-ter) | d) A line of poetry containing eight measures. |
| 5. octuple (ok'tu-p'l) | c) Eightfold; to multiply by eight. |
| 6. octosyllabic
(ok-toe-sy-lab'ik) | a) Having eight syllables. |
| 7. octavo (ok-ta'vo) | g) A book size (about 6 x 9 in.) determined by printing on sheets folded to form eight leaves or 16 pages. |
| 8. octant (ok'tant) | f) The eighth part of a circle; an arc or angle of 45°. |
| 9. octarchy (ok'tar-ky) | e) Government by eight rulers. |
| 10. octachord (ok'ta-kord) | b) In music, a series of eight tones; eight-stringed musical instrument. |
| 11. octave (ok'tav) | i) Eighth day after a festival; any group of eight, especially musical notes. |
| 12. octopus (ok'toe-pus) | h) An eight-armed sea animal. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

The Conscience of a Conservative

The freedom guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution is curtailed by taxes imposed for activities not delegated by that document

W HERE IS the politician who has not promised his constituents a fight to the death for lower taxes—and who has not then proceeded to vote for the very spending projects that make tax cuts impossible? Talk of tax reduction has a hollow ring. The people listen, but do not believe. As the public grows more cynical, the politician feels less compelled to take his promises seriously.

The public has been led to look upon taxation as merely a problem of public financing: how much money does the government need? It has been led to discount the effect of taxation on the problem of individual freedom. We have been persuaded that the government has an unlimited claim on the wealth of the people, and that the only pertinent question is what portion of its claim the government should exercise. The American taxpayer, I think, has lost confidence in his claim to his money.

Government does not have an unlimited claim on the earnings of individuals. One of the foremost precepts of the natural law is man's

right to the possession and the use of his property. And a man's earnings are his property as much as his land and the house in which he lives. It has been the fashion in recent years to disparage "property rights"—to associate them with greed and materialism.

This attack on property rights is really an attack on freedom. It is another instance of the modern failure to take into account the whole man. How can a man be truly free if the fruits of his labor are not his to dispose of, but are treated, instead, as part of a common pool of public wealth? Property and freedom are inseparable: to the extent that government takes the one in the form of taxes, it intrudes on the other.

Here is how taxation currently infringes on our freedom. A family man earning \$4,500 a year works, on the average, 22 days a month. Taxes, visible and invisible, take approximately 32% of his earnings. This means that a third, or seven whole days, of his monthly labor goes for taxes. The average American is

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HOW IT ALL BEGAN

The federal income-tax amendment became law on Feb. 25, 1913, and was put into effect in the revenue bill of that year. Cordell Hull, who has been called the "mastermind" in this affair and who was certainly the acknowledged expert on taxation, had all along favored a flat rate. However, Rep. John Nance Garner of Texas succeeded in gaining acceptance for the principle of graduation. Lenin prophesied that the U.S. would spend itself to destruction. Toward that end this graduated tax was the first and essential step.

From The Law and the Profits
by C. Northcote Parkinson
(Houghton Mifflin, Boston).

therefore working one third of the time for government: a third of what he produces is not available for his own use but is confiscated and used by others who have not earned it.

But having said that each man has an inalienable right to his property, it also must be said that every citizen has an obligation to contribute his fair share to the legitimate functions of government. Government, in other words, has some claim on our wealth, and the problem is to define that claim.

The federal government's legitimate powers are those the Constitution has delegated to it. Therefore, if we adhere to the Constitution, the federal government's total tax bill will be the cost of exercising its dele-

gated powers. Conversely, when the federal government enacts programs that are *not authorized* by its delegated powers, it is demanding taxes in excess of its rights to our wealth.

What is a taxpayer's "fair share?" I believe that the requirements of justice here are perfectly clear: government has a right to claim an equal percentage of each man's wealth, and no more. Property, excise, and sales taxes are levied on this basis. The principle is equally valid with regard to incomes, inheritances, and gifts. The idea that a man who makes \$100,000 a year should be forced to contribute 90% of his income to the cost of government, while the man who makes \$10,000 pays 20% is repugnant to my notions of justice. I do not believe in punishing success. I believe the imbalance is contrary to the natural right to property. As for the claim that the government needs the graduated tax for revenue purposes, the facts are to

CEILING UNLIMITED?

In the U.S. those making less than \$2,000 a year (some 8 million families or individuals) shell out more than 28% of it in one kind of tax or another. Those making \$15,000 or more (5% of total units) find the tax fall-out averaging 36%. The in-betweeners support the government at a rate of \$1 for every \$4 earned.

Sam Dawson in AP dispatch
(17 May '60).

the contrary. The total revenue collected from income taxes beyond the 20% level amounts to less than \$5 billion—less than the federal government now spends on the one item of agriculture.

The graduated tax is a confiscatory tax. Its effect, and to a large extent its aim, is to bring down all men to a common level. Many of the leading proponents of the graduated tax frankly admit that their purpose is to redistribute the nation's wealth. Their aim is an egalitarian society—an objective that does violence both to the charter of the republic and the laws of nature.

One problem with regard to taxes,

then, is to enforce justice: to abolish the graduated features of our tax laws. The other, and the one that has the greatest impact on our daily lives, is to reduce the volume of taxes. And this takes us to the question of government spending. While there is something to be said for the proposition that spending will never be reduced so long as there is money in the federal treasury, I believe that as a practical matter spending cuts must come before tax cuts. If we reduce taxes before firm, principled decisions are made about expenditures, we will court deficit spending and the inflationary effects that invariably follow.

RUIN IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

History tells us that governments of the more remote past have tended to exact about 10% of the people's income. We learn, further, that tax demands above that level have often driven people to emigrate. Where flight has been for some reason impracticable, taxes of 20% or more have been collected without much difficulty. As against that, taxes rising from 33% to 50% have been the occasion for revolt or the cause of ruin.

* * *

The drawback in attempting to adjust revenue to expenditure is that all expenditure rises to meet income. Parkinson's Second Law, a matter of common knowledge as far as the individual's finances are concerned, is

also applicable to the government. But whereas the individual's expenses rise to meet and perhaps exceed an income level which is at least known, government expenditure rises in the same way toward a maximum that has never been defined; toward a ceiling that is not there. It rises, therefore, unchecked, toward levels which past experience has shown to be disastrous. In several modern countries the symptoms of approaching catastrophe are already obvious; and in none more so than in Britain. But this is not a matter in which Americans can afford to feel complacent.

From *The Law and the Profits*
by C. Northcote Parkinson
(Houghton Mifflin, Boston).

Neither of our political parties has seriously faced up to the problem of government spending. The recommendations of the Hoover commission which could save the taxpayer about \$7 billion a year have been largely ignored. Yet even these recommendations, dealing as they do for the most part with extravagance and waste, do not go to the heart of the problem. The root evil is that the government is engaged in activities in which it has no legitimate business. As long as the federal government assumes responsibility in a given social or economic field, its spending in that field cannot be substantially reduced. As long as the federal government takes over responsibility for education, for example, the amount of federal aid is bound to increase in direct proportion to the cost of supporting the nation's schools. The only way to curtail spending is to eliminate the programs in which excess spending is consumed.

The government must begin to withdraw from a whole series of programs that are outside its constitutional mandate—from social-welfare programs, education, public power, agriculture, public housing, urban renewal, and all the other activities that can be better performed by lower levels of government or by private institutions or by individuals. I do

THAT'S WHERE THE MONEY GOES

One of my correspondents lovingly recalls the procedure for handling a Government Air bill of lading during the 2nd World War. There were to be 13 copies in all. No. 1 mailed to the recipient, Nos. 2 and 3 put in the file, Nos. 4, 5, and 6 to go in the package, No. 7 to Air Express, No. 8 to the nearest Bureau office, and so forth. What particularly impressed the critic, in this case, was that, while there were detailed instructions for disposing of No. 13, No. 12 was merely to be destroyed.

From *The Law and the Profits*
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(Houghton Mifflin, Boston).

not suggest that the federal government drop all of these programs overnight. But I do suggest that we establish, by law, a rigid timetable for a staged withdrawal. We might provide, for example, for a 10% spending reduction each year in all of the fields in which federal participation is undesirable. It is only through this kind of determined assault on the principle of unlimited government that American people will obtain relief from high taxes, and will start making progress toward regaining their freedom.

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Television may not be making our children any more artistic but they certainly are quicker on the draw.

Maurice Seitter.

Space Music for the Space Age

The new composers make music with square roots, frequency progressions, and electronics

VISITORS to the Brussels World's Fair in 1958 were startled by the sound saturating the air of the Philips pavilion. It was Edgar Varèse's fantastic *Poème Electronique*, floating through 400 loud-speakers from every conceivable direction. Last year, during an evening of ballet in Vienna, the orchestra stepped out for 25 minutes while the music continued. The sound of a new ballet, Henk Badings' *Evolutions*, descended on the audience from loud-speakers in the cupola.

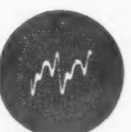
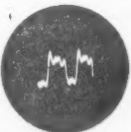
The sound was new: not just a recording of an orchestra, but sound that had been shaped by the composer himself. For a thousand years music had been written for reproduction by man. Now, since the 2nd World War, composers are making music that is independent of other men's ability to sing, blow, pluck, or strike: the electronically produced sound on magnetic tape. The composers call it space music.

With sound generators, filters, resonators, amplifiers, loud-speakers and tape recorders, the composers entered a new world. In traditional music an interval from an A to a B

is divided only into two. The sound generator can divide it into 52 tones, 12 to 15 of which are clearly discernible. It can render 40 separate dynamic shades instead of seven or ten, and an infinite number of rhythms and tone colors.

The music exists only on tape. It cannot be performed on traditional instruments. There are just too many sound elements.

The first published score of space music, *Study II*, by the young German Karlheinz Stockhausen, looks like some strange 4th-dimension geometry. The frequencies—the pitch of the music, ranging from 100 to 17,200 cycles per second—are drawn along the top of the page. Loudness, one to 40 decibels, appears



*No. 2. 32 E. 57th St., New York City 22. © 1960 by the Art Foundation Press, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

in the lower half of the page. Duration of each musical event is indicated along two lines in the middle of the page. Strange lines, shapes, and shades indicate complex sound mixtures.

But Stockhausen and Klebe in Germany; Boulez in France; Berio, Maderna, Nono, and Evangelisti in Italy; Badings in Holland; Varèse, Krenek, Luening, and Ussachevsky in America—these had been composers before they ever became interested in electronics. They write music, whether with notes or with numbers, and do not simply manipulate gadgets.

The space-music composer selects his material and defines his limitations as does the composer of a fugue, sonata, or symphony. If anything, his choice is more difficult: he is not limited to the traditional scale; he can build his own with new relationships between tones. In *Study II*, Stockhausen chose a scale of 81 steps from 100 cycles per second upwards with a constant interval ratio.

Space music may be analyzed just as you analyze traditional counterpoint and harmony. Perhaps with some difficulty, but how would Bach have faced the task of analyzing *Wozzeck*? Space-music construction should eventually be recognizable to the trained ear. The young composers have said it again and again: electronic music is not an end to music as we have known it. It is rather the logical continuation of the ever-expanding musical expres-

sion of the 19th and 20th centuries.

Though it may seem an anachronism for men who compose in square roots and frequency progressions, several of the electronic composers have based music on the element of chance. The improvisation that runs through so many forms of modern art has reached into music in the work of the American composer John Cage, who has carried on many experiments in "random composition."

Cage's *Imaginary Landscape*, performed at Columbia university a few years ago, is written for 12 radios, each operated by two performers. One dials the various stations desired by the conductor, the other regulates the dynamics indicated in the score. The actual sound, however, is a matter of a musical phrase being captured over the radio wave to which each instrument is set!

Stockhausen's *No. 7 Klavierstück IX* is a particularly strange publication. It comes in a heavy cardboard roll with a wooden rack on which the music, a single large sheet, is to be attached. On the sheet are 18 snatches of piano music.

"The performer," the elaborate explanation reads, "looks at random at the sheet of music and begins with any one of the 18 groups, the first that catches his eye; then he plays, choosing for himself tempo, dynamic level, and type of attack. At the end of the first group he reads the tempo, dynamic, and attack indications that follow, and looks at

random at any other group, which he then plays in accordance with the latter indications. When a group is reached for the third time, one possible realization of the piece is completed. It may come about that certain groups are played once only or not at all."

Freedom to be moved by the human spirit is still behind this vanguard music. Italian music sounds gay and brilliant, as if a latter-day Rossini had calculated the formulas and operated the dials. German work

is profound and soul-searching, while the French music has the nonchalance of an electronically inspired Massenet.

Space music is in its early stages of development. The scores are largely experiments, the search for new solutions, not the solutions themselves; the vocabulary, the grammar of a new language, not yet the poetry. But some day a genius will take this strange electronic sound and use it for his own unforeseeable purpose.

IN OUR HOUSE

One evening my husband and I had to make a sudden trip out of town. When we told the children, our youngest, Martin, who is just seven, became quite disturbed.

"But who will help me with my homework, and hear my prayers, and put me to bed?" he asked excitedly.

I assured him that his sisters (both in high school) would be with him and would lend a hand with the homework if needed; that they would hear his prayers and see that he was properly tucked into bed. But he remained upset.

"Martin," I said at last, "when you were only six months old I could leave you, and you didn't fuss at all. Here you are, a big boy going to school, and you complain because I'll be gone just one evening. I can't understand it."

"But, mother," he said, "I didn't know you so well then."

Mrs. A. J. Litzinger.

My 12-year-old daughter has just discovered the enchantment of long telephone conversations with her schoolmates.

On arriving home from the office recently, I found my talkative offspring sprawled on the floor with a sandwich in one hand and the telephone in the other. "How long must it go on this time?" I groaned.

"Not long, daddy," she assured me. "I have only two more sandwiches and three more girls to go."

Bob Brown.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Chuck Connors of 'Rifleman'

*On his show, the good guys
are really in the right*



A LITTLE OVER eight years ago Chuck Connors was playing 1st base for the Los Angeles Angels, of the Pacific Coast league, and delighting fans with his diamond histrionics. They called him the "poor man's Laurence Olivier" when his back was turned.

A Hollywood producer offered him a bit part with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in the M-G-M film *Pat and Mike*. The night before his first appearance on the set, nature tossed him a curve in the form of a rainstorm which flooded his home and kept him up all night long fighting the rapidly rising water.

Red-eyed and exhausted, he reported to the studio the following morning and dropped into a chair. He was sitting there, too tired to move, when Tracy appeared and sauntered over to him. Putting his arm around Connors' shoulders, he muttered something about "not minding those guys over there," in-

dicating a couple of extras who were watching nearby.

"I thought he was just being kind," says Connors. "Imagine my surprise when the director started shouting at me, demanding to know why I didn't know my lines. I was in the middle of a rehearsal and the 'Don't mind those guys' bit was supposed to be my cue."

Since that episode Connors hasn't missed many cues. Last year his television program *The Rifleman* was voted the best new Western series of the year. Connors, with more than 60 acting roles behind him, including featured parts in such films as *The Big Country* and *Old Yeller*, was hailed by critics as the actor most likely to step into the boots of Gary Cooper as king of the Western he-men.

One of his most valued tributes

**Lackawanna* 18, N.Y. April, 1960. © 1960, and reprinted with permission.

came from Msgr. Thomas J. Gillhooly, of Seton Hall university, who had known Connors as an undergraduate at the New Jersey institution. "I liked your show," the priest wrote. "It's a fine, solid program that does you credit."

One of the reasons for his praise was the fact that the series has made a point of stressing moral values without sacrificing dramatic impact. In all the rash of TV Westerns, with gun slingers biting the dust at every turn, *The Rifleman* has aimed at character as well as characterization. "There's a world of difference between the two," one critic said. "I'm glad those who produce *The Rifleman* have recognized it."

Connors is a six-foot-five blond giant who handles a rifle as easily as he used to swing a baseball bat. His Christian name is Kevin. He was born in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn 39 years ago. His father, a long-time member of Our Lady of Perpetual Help parish, works as a bank guard.

As a youngster, young Kevin built up quite a reputation playing sandlot baseball. He was given an athletic scholarship at Adelphi academy. Upon his graduation, more than 25 colleges and universities offered him scholarships. Seton Hall was one of them. He majored in English at Seton Hall. During his freshman year he gave the first evidence of his dramatic talent.

"I entered an elocution contest," he says, "and recited Vachel Lind-

say's *The Congo*. I must have put more into it than I realized, because I won first prize."

In June, 1942, at the end of his sophomore year at the Hall, he lost all thoughts of an acting career. The Dodgers gave him a contract and assigned him to Norfolk, of the Piedmont league.

Before the season was over, Connors had changed his baseball suit for an army uniform. He enlisted in the tank corps. After his basic training he was assigned to West Point as an instructor. He stayed at the Point until his discharge in February, 1946. With his commanding officer's permission, he played professional basketball on weekends and during furloughs with Wilmington, Del., and Paterson, N.J., teams.

In 1946, after his discharge, he joined the Rochester Royals, of the National Basketball association, and played with them until it was time to report to the Newark Bears, of the International league, for spring training. Later that year, he was sent to Newport News, where he proceeded to rattle the fences, batting .415.

In 1947 he was promoted to Mobile. From 1948 through 1950 he was with the Montreal Royals. His stay in the Canadian metropolis introduced him to the girl who later became his wife, Betty Jane Riddell.

Betty, who in Connors' words "is quite content to be a housewife and mother," admits she didn't realize at the time what she was letting herself in for. "We were married just be-

fore Chuck's team left for a series in another city. When I climbed on the train, everybody said 'Hello'—they were all men!"

Following his stint with the Montreal club, Connors was brought up for a trial by the Dodgers. He didn't make it the first time, nor the second. When Branch Rickey, then guiding the Dodgers, could give him no assurance that this escalator type of existence would have a happy ending, Chuck asked to be traded.

The Chicago Cubs, who bought his contract, were even less encouraging. After one trial, they shipped him to Los Angeles, of the Pacific Coast league. "I had my chances," Chuck admits.

He was a streak hitter who could bang out base hits one week and strike out with monotonous regularity the next. His career looked unpromising when he packed his bags for California, but the change proved to be the best break of his life.

In the City of the Angels, his colorful habits on and off the field made him an immediate favorite with the regular fans, including Hollywood stars and producers. Having a .321 batting average and boasting 23 home runs didn't hurt his reputation, either. He became, as one sportscaster put it, "the most colorful character to hit our town since the heyday of Dizzy Dean."

One of his bits of off-the-diamond theatrics was the recitation of *Casey at the Bat* at luncheons and fraternal get-togethers.

The offer to appear in *Pat and Mike* with Tracy and Hepburn proved to be the turning point in Connors' career. He got \$500 for his performance. More important, he received offers to act in other motion pictures and TV shows after the picture was screened. He accepted most of the offers, but he decided to hold onto the 1st baseman's mitt until his future as an actor was more secure.

He conducted his own television program before and after the ball games. He interviewed players, explained strategy, and gave advice to youngsters on how to bat and field.

One of the unpublicized episodes in those early days occurred during a panel show on which he appeared. Actress Zsa Zsa Gabor was on the same panel. She so nettled him with her remarks that he finally asked her to keep quiet. Few people, either before or since that incident, have been as daring.

After he made up his mind to hang up his spikes and concentrate on emoting before cameras, Chuck appeared in a couple of dozen motion pictures and some 65 television programs prior to being cast as the lead in *The Rifleman*.

Except for a brief fling at writing (he wrote an article for *Collier's* called *Play Ball, Amigo*, based on winter baseball experiences in Cuba) he has called acting his profession. The \$500 *Collier's* paid him for his literary masterpiece ("I couldn't seem to get past the \$500 sound bar-

rier in those days") is still on token display at his home in Woodland Hills. (He had the check photostated to convince any doubting Thomases who might scoff at his writing ability.)

The Rifleman has given Connors financial security, but it has not changed his attitude towards life. On the set—except for his size—he seems like any of the extras or supporting players. He likes to kid around.

Now that the economic pressure is off and he doesn't have to worry about learning to hit a pitcher's curve or gauge a 2nd baseman's throwing accuracy to 1st base, he has become a baseball buff. He attends every major-league game possible

and even takes part in workouts when one of the teams is in town.

When not in front of the cameras, he keeps in trim with a rigid training schedule. He lifts weights three times a week and plays handball regularly. He isn't more than a pound or two over what he used to weigh ten years ago. "I have to stay in shape," he grins. "I've got four good reasons right at home to keep me on my toes."

The "four good reasons" are Connors' four sons: Michael, nine; Jeffrey, eight; Stephen, six; and Kevin, four. They are all cast in their father's rugged mold. Since coming to California, the Connors family has belonged to St. Mel's parish in Woodland Hills.



THE PERFECT ASSIST

Agnes Repplier, the distinguished essayist and biographer, received an honorary degree from Yale university in 1925. (She was the second woman to be so honored by that institution.)

Ex-President William Howard Taft, then chief justice of the Supreme Court, was also present to receive a degree. He sat beside her on the platform.

Since it was a stormy day, Miss Repplier had worn overshoes. On the platform she suddenly realized with dismay that she had forgotten to remove them.

Hurriedly getting them off, she whispered to Chief Justice Taft, "May I push my galoshes under your chair?"

Looking first at his enormous feet and then at her feet, he replied, "You may, Miss Repplier, but it will deceive nobody."

From *Agnes Repplier: A Memoir* by Emma Repplier (Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia, 1957).

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$50 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$50 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

The Church in Chinatown, U.S.A.

Overseas Chinese are the hope of their motherland

YOU FIND a small paved courtyard, about half the size of a tennis court, outside the graystone rectory and school adjoining Transfiguration church on Mott St., in New York's Chinatown. Across the street the afternoon sun picks out signs like: Sam Kee, dry goods; Quong Yee Wo Co., groceries; Quong Yuen Shing & Co. It is almost four o'clock.

Overflowing the courtyard to the sidewalk are some 400 Chinese-American children and a sprinkling of parents. The children are enjoying themselves: playing games, munching peanuts, licking ice-cream cones, running and pushing. It is a happy scene, filled with the music of gay, unintelligible chatter.

The little girls, many of them still in the gray jumpers and white blouses that constitute their parochial-school uniform, are neat, even at this hour, with scrubbed faces, hairbands, and long crisp, black braids. The boys wear gray pants, white shirts, and maroon ties. The children enjoy their last few minutes of tag before the bell rings, calling them to two hours of concentration on the hard task of learning Chinese.

Center of attention in the court-

yard this afternoon is a young Maryknoll priest, Father John D. Moore, tall, thin, blonde. He is taking movies, trying to catch as many of the laughing faces as possible. He knows, though they do not, that after eight years as principal of their school at Transfiguration, he is soon to return to China, where he has already spent seven years.

The bell rings. Two gray-robed Maryknoll Sisters come to the courtyard steps. In five minutes the children have filed into the six classrooms. There, after a full day's work in their own public or parochial schools, they get busy with brushes, black ink, and rice paper.

Most of the children in the Chi-



nese-language school are descendants of people from the Canton area. They are being taught the Cantonese dialect. Their six teachers are hard-working women who have also put in a day's work (one of them is a housewife with six children).

Somewhat the same scene takes place after school every day in Chicago, San Francisco, and other Chinatowns across the U.S.

Why is so much effort put into teaching American children Chinese? Their parents, whose family ties are strong, do not wish their children to forget their mother tongue. They hope that the children will enter respected professions, and not be confined to the laundries, restaurants, and factories where most of the parents labor.

If the children should seek employment in any of the Chinatowns, where most of the businesses are owned by native-born Chinese who have not adopted American ways, they will find a knowledge of the language essential for everyday commerce.

If they continue their educations past the 8th grade or high school, it is still important for them to be able to read and write Chinese. No matter how much they wish to be regarded simply as American, by the time they are 25 they will realize that because of their distinctive appearance they are thought of as Chinese. By that time, too, they will be interested in their heritage, and will need to know the language for further study.

Scholars have always been honored among the Chinese.

The Church finds the after-hours classes an important source of contact with Chinese children who attend public school. Transfiguration also offers, on Sundays, special English classes for adults, attended by approximately 60 students. (By an interesting coincidence, there were exactly 60 converts in the parish last year.)

New York's Chinatown is a sprawling area, housing some 8,600 of the estimated 40,000 Chinese in the city. Transfiguration has 2,200 parishioners, 700 of whom are Chinese Catholics. Of these, 50% were born in the U.S. In the parochial school are 426 children, taught by Maryknoll Sisters, who have been in the parish since 1949.

The parish dates back to 1827. It originally was Irish, then Italian. Father Moore expects that in another ten years it will be 50% Chinese.

A Chinese Catholic conference has been held at Transfiguration every year for the last eight years. Last year more than 150 delegates attended the three-day session. They represented Chinatowns in the U.S., Canada, and the West Indies. Their theme, "Catholic Education and the Chinese," was discussed by prominent laymen like Dr. John C. H. Wu, professor at Seton Hall university and former minister to the Holy See.

The mosaic of American Chinese Catholicism is made up of a bewil-

dering number of pieces. Fortunately, there is a man who can fit the pieces together. What is more, he is able to fit the mosaic into the world picture.

Dr. Paul K. T. Sih (pronounced *See*), a convert, is director of the Institute of Asian Studies at St. John's university, Long Island, and former director of the Institute of Far Eastern Studies at Seton Hall. He recommends, as an aid to comprehension, a look first at the *hwa chiao* (Chinatown's people) and then at a smaller number of students and others who are loosely classed as "intellectuals."

"A conservative estimate," Dr. Sih says, "is that in the U.S. there are about 100,000 Chinese, or Americans of Chinese extraction, of whom some 5,000 are students in universities and graduate schools. Only 700 to 800 of the students are Catholics."

In San Francisco, the largest Chinese settlement outside the Orient, the story is somewhat the same as in New York. A guess at the population of Chinatown is 50,000 plus, of whom 2,000 to 2,500 are Catholics, "good, bad, and indifferent."

Old St. Mary's, on Stockton St. in San Francisco, has been the scene of English-language courses for about 60 years. The grammar school at St. Mary's is taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Orange. A recent innovation is the teaching of Chinese in one period every day. The school, taught by seven nuns and two lay instructors, has an enrollment of

385 students, of whom only 151 are Catholics.

In the evening, the school is used for Chinese classes open to all children. It has to run in two shifts to accommodate about 750 students, who are taught by Chinese college graduates. Children come from a radius of five miles.

According to Father Arthur J. Maguire, C.S.P., pastor, St. Mary's Chinese girls' drum corps is the "best-known thing in Chinatown." The girls have won many prizes in parades, and have traveled to Mexico, all through the Coast area, and as far east as Detroit, Mich. They wear ornate yellow and red costumes, decorated with dragons and Oriental birds.

Why are so many non-Catholic children in the parochial school? Father Maguire thinks it's because the parents see that "the kids get something special there." With their tradition of family solidarity, they like the emphasis on patience and respect. The parents usually give permission if their children desire to become Catholics.

Father Maguire is a red-faced, tough-talking man in his late 30's. It is very impressive to see him enter a room of kindergarten children. They rush up to him and greet him in a shrill chorus. Some try to kiss him.

Graduates of St. Mary's include doctors, dentists, electrical engineers, nurses, teachers, many civil servants, and nine nuns. Three

priests have come from the mission student ranks.

San Francisco's Chinatown has seven Protestant churches, one Catholic church, and one Salvation Army center. The Catholic mission has developed a comprehensive program. Its social-service division includes, besides the language schools, an employment office, recreational facilities, and a well-organized family-welfare bureau. The big problem is that when the young Chinese get married they often move to less crowded neighborhoods. The mission is constantly starting from scratch.

Possibly the greatest strides in catechetical work among Chinese-Americans are being made in the Chicago area. St. Thérèse Chinese Catholic mission is the national parish for all Chinese in the Archdiocese of Chicago. Today more than 170 completely Catholic Chinese families live in the city. St. Thérèse's has nearly 800 parishioners out of Chinatown's estimated population of 2,300.

The late Cardinal Stritch placed St. Thérèse's under the Maryknoll Fathers in 1946. He wanted the parish to be directed by missionaries who had seen service in China and could speak the Cantonese dialect. The 121 parishioners have since increased to 775; annual Baptisms have jumped from 18 to 53; and school enrollment has risen from 38 to 225.

Father Frederick K. Becka, youngest pastor in the Chicago archdio-

cese, has had seven years' experience in China, including two and a half in a communist prison. His assistant, Father Walter W. Johnson, formerly worked with the Chinese in Hawaii.

Father Becka says, "With the school training our young Chinese-Americans get in character, initiative, and respect for authority, together with their enviable native characteristics of concentration, scholarship, and obedience, Chinatown boasts the lowest juvenile delinquency rate of any section of Chicago." (That is also true of New York.)

A new mission school is being built as a result of the disastrous fire at Our Lady of the Angels church on Chicago's North Side, which brought condemnation to the old mission facilities at 2311 Wentworth Ave. The new streamlined building, bright with panels of mandarin-red and green porcelain, is expected to be ready in September.

Dr. Sih declares that missionary activity in U.S. Chinatowns during the last ten years has made them a fertile field for future members of the lay apostolate among the "Overseas Chinese." He points out that with the Chinese mainland behind the Bamboo Curtain, the Church's attention is rightly directed to the Overseas Chinese—about 13 million people throughout the world whose hearts are still tied to China.

In Chicago, too, is the Crossroads Student center. Miss Germaine Ru-

chaud, a member of the Society of International Catholic Auxiliaries, is in charge of it. The center is a home away from home for all foreign students, including about 500 Chinese.

Miss Ruchaud reports, "The center is open to all, and the percentage of Catholics is small. But we think that if they can see the Church in action while in this country, it will help them to understand her better when they return home. It will foster lay leadership in general."

Father Paul Chan is director of the Sino-American Amity center, at 86 Riverside Drive in New York City. With Archbishop Paul Yu-Pin of Nanking, Father Chan was instrumental in setting up a meeting place for Chinese students near Columbia university. The center works constantly to obtain scholarships for qualified students of all faiths in Free China, and to help them while studying in this country. Since 1952 more than 1,000 students have been brought to this country on scholarships equivalent to \$4.2 million in cash.

Father Chan says, "The primary purpose of the Sino-American Amity's program is to assist Chinese students in their higher education so that they will be able to provide the strong Christian-oriented leadership which China will need when the mainland is again free."

Archbishop Yu-Pin has returned to Formosa. He will head a new Catholic university that is being

built to replace the three Catholic universities on the mainland.

Thomas Cardinal Tien, who lived in exile in the U.S. for ten years, is now Apostolic Administrator of the Archdiocese of Taipei, Taiwan. He has returned to the Far East. He hopes his presence will help bolster the faith of Catholics in Red China.

Statistics on Formosa are impressive. According to the latest estimate, Formosa has 200,000 Catholics, up from 12,000 in the last ten years.

Dr. Sih is convinced that Christianity is the answer to China's problems. Far from scorning the great spiritual leaders of his country's past, he shows (in his latest book, *Decision for Christ: Communism or Christianity*) how Christianity is the fulfillment of their teachings.

"Confucianism waits to be fulfilled as the Jewish law was fulfilled in Christ," he explains. "A good Confucianist is by nature a Catholic, for in all the world there is no single society where filial piety and brotherly love take a more eminent and more universal place than in the Catholic Church.

"Whatever else Russia may have," he adds, "it does not have and does not pretend to have what we call spiritual values—the essence of civilization. Communism has made headway in Asia and elsewhere, not by its strength, but by our weakness." He thinks that Communism cannot really take root in China. "It will remain a yoke, not an inner principle of life."

Dr. Sih points out that after the days of Father Matteo Ricci, the 16th-century Jesuit whose efforts resulted in more than 2,500 conversions, and his successors, the Church's missions in China were concerned mainly with the masses. It was not until 15 or 20 years ago that a program was again aimed at the intellectuals.

Today, as a result of intensified

scholarship efforts, Chinese students average two to each Catholic college or university in the U.S.

Dr. Sih says that "the way back to China is through revitalized missionary work—first to the 13 million Chinese now living overseas, and then by a militantly spiritual crusade on the mainland itself." Chinese Catholics in the U.S. are an important element in his hopes.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

Bringing up 12 children on a small farm during the depression was a formidable task, but my parents were equal to it. We had few luxuries, but with a plentiful supply of food from our garden and hard work by our large brood we got along.

Dad was never one to keep any surplus for himself, even when it could have been sold for much-needed ready cash. It always went to some poor family in town. And all the neighbors in the "threshing ring" knew that help would be forthcoming from dad and his seven sons whenever they were in need.

Once, tragedy struck outside the "ring." A widow was left with four small children and a farm to care for.

Dad was there immediately with his best team of horses. He worked from sunup to sundown planting the spring crops for her.

During the next 30 years, dad's 12 children one by one left the farm to pursue various occupations and rear families of their own. Dad, refusing to retire, continued working his farm through the great change to mechanized farming. He invested in a small tractor outfit, but when the neighborhood working rings disappeared, preferred to hire owners of large machinery to bring in his crops.

One day a young man with a new combine completed his first job on dad's farm. When dad went to pay him, he would accept nothing.

He said his mother had told him just that morning about the long hours of work dad had donated after his father's death 30 years before.

Jeane Kinkelaar.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]



Madonna Gallery

On this and the following pages, you will see ten unusual and beautiful representations of the Madonna. Some are centuries old, some the work of contemporary artists. They come from many parts of the world, including China, Norway, and Mexico. On loan from their California owners (among them Loretta Young, Irene Dunne) they were displayed in the gardens of Hollywood's Bel Air hotel as a parish project.

Father Conan Lee, O.F.M., admires 17th-century Spanish Madonna in polychromed wood.

Photos by John R. Hamilton



Driftwood Madonna, carved of ocean driftwood, then painted in oil, is the work of a California sculptress.



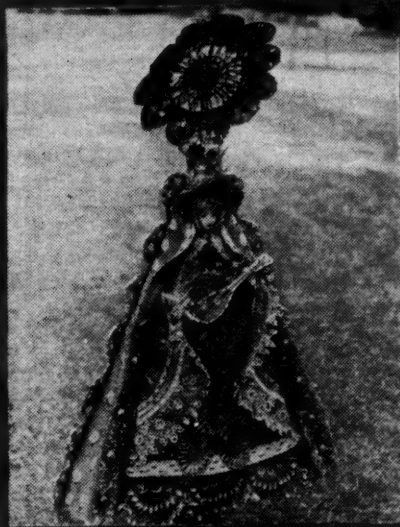
Quaint wooden figure of the Madonna hails from Kronheim, Norway; is more than 400 years old.

Our Lady of Good Health, a statue with a wealth of intricate detail, is a Mexican antique.



Unusual statue of Mother and Child is Madonna of the Tusk, actually carved from ivory tusk.



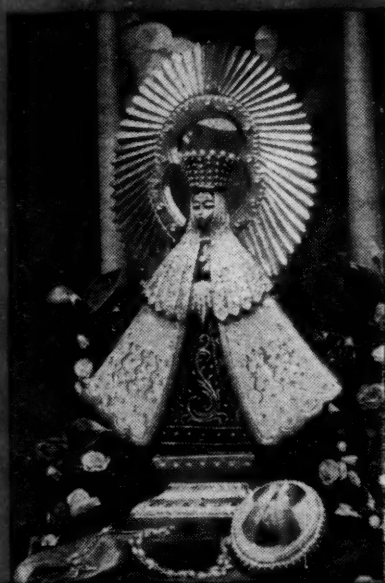


Irene Laune's delicate Madonna of the Mandolin wears gilded Irish lace, holds tortoise-shell mandolin.



Sweet-faced, prayerful Madonna of the Pearls takes her name from pearls hidden under veil.

Distinctive altar Madonna is carved from flat piece of wood, topped by jeweled crown, halo.



A 17th-century Madonna from Mexico resembles doll. It had to be dressed by its owners.





Whatever the medium or the age, Mary remains a favorite subject for artists. This modern three-dimensional tile plaque was done by Mrs. Irene Berchtenbreiter, popular California sculptress.



Mayor Tucker of St. Louis

*A professor in city hall revives
the original spirit of his city*

ST. LOUIS, 8th largest city in the nation, has many claims to distinction. But leading citizens of both political parties say that the city's most remarkable asset is a professor of mechanical engineering who has been mayor since 1953.

Raymond Roche Tucker is something of a legend in political circles. During his six years of strictly non-partisan leadership the city has been reborn. Today it is difficult to distinguish the story of St. Louis from the story of Mayor Tucker.

That story has two basic ingredients: desperation and dedication. Out of the union of a desperate city and a dedicated man have come achievements spelling hope for St. Louis and a new day for U.S. municipal government.

So average-looking that political foes once mocked him as "Mr. Peep-

ers," Mayor Tucker has graying hair and a quietly courtly manner. Under rimless glasses his eyes are mild. His expression is a trifle guarded except when he says "St. Louis." Every time he pronounces that name, the mayor positively glows.

His softly reasonable way of speaking makes him popular with newsmen. Both in his daily press conferences and on a Monday-night television interview, *Eye on St. Louis*, he never dodges a question. A visitor finds him surrounded by a staff of vigorous young men with no favors to grant and no political ambitions of their own.

Tucker's glass-topped desk is dwarfed by the cavernous office he occupies. Except for the size of the room and the battery of framed editorial cartoons on the wall behind him, it would be easier to think of him as still a faculty member at Washington university than as top man in one of America's toughest political structures.

*110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N.Y. April, 1960. © 1960, and reprinted with permission.

He got there by freak circumstances.

Earlier in the century Lincoln Steffens used St. Louis as the prime example of civic corruption in the phenomenon he termed the "shame of our cities." Bosses, boodlers, and job sellers dominated city hall, and hopeless inefficiency marked most St. Louis departments.

Schools and hospitals were neglected and overcrowded. The municipal airport, made famous by Lindbergh, was primitive. No new office building was erected for more than 30 years. In the 61 square miles of the city proper, 52% of all blocks were blighted areas. Substandard housing stretched for street after street, no fewer than 136,000 dwelling units of it.

Businessmen, industrialists, and voters saw that a crisis was in the making, but did nothing about it. A proposal to streamline the city charter was defeated by 51,000 votes. Five separate proposed bond issues, urgently needed for public improvements, were rejected from 1946 to 1952. Political bosses of both parties actively opposed reform.

There was one ray of hope. An outgoing mayor of great integrity had about him a group of men willing to fight for the life of the city. Acting as private citizens, without support of a political party, they cast about for a candidate for mayor. He would have to be the right man: one four-year term would decide the future of St. Louis for half a century.

Prof. Raymond R. Tucker, chairman of the mechanical engineering department at Washington university, was their first choice.

Professor Tucker was a 3rd-generation St. Louisan who had lived most of his life in the same house. He had gained valuable experience as secretary to the mayor for three years during the 1930's. As the city's smoke commissioner, 1937-40, he had proved his ability by curing one of the worst ills of the region.

To accept the job (if elected) he would have to take a salary cut from \$20,000 to \$10,000 a year. Since he had never run for office, there was no assurance that he could outline a campaign. Worst of all, it would be difficult to persuade the party machine to back a candidate so outspokenly opposed to favoritism.

It didn't take long to discover that most political leaders would have no part in trying to put such a man into the city hall. Mark D. Eagleton, leading candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1953, won the backing of 22 out of 28 ward organizations. Then he filed a damage suit of \$200,000 against Tucker and some of his campaign leaders.

In support of the professor a citizens' committee lined up money and votes. Both St. Louis newspapers gave him their unqualified backing. Tucker made no promises. Days before the election, with excitement running high, he turned down many interviews but accepted an invitation to a press conference with the editor

of the weekly *Flash*, a neighborhood journal of opinion published by 11-year-old Stan Leydig.

Impressed by Tucker's nonpartisan stand, many Republicans crossed party lines to vote for him in the Democratic primary. Even so, he won the nomination by only 1,500 votes.

It was a different story in the general election, which he carried with ease. Interpreting his victory, an editorial said he "violated about every maxim in the political rule book in winning a smashing victory. Tucker will take office with probably the fewest political obligations of any St. Louis mayor elected within memory."

In a pre-election interview the candidate had taken frank stock of the financial sacrifice involved. "I won't be able to leave my children a fortune if elected," he said. "But I hope I'll leave them a good name."

He used a family Bible for the oath of office. He was hardly on the job before he sold the family car as an economy measure. Next he fired Edythe Tucker from the Auditorium commission. Even though she drew no salary, he wanted to be sure no one could accuse the mayor's wife of taking advantage of her position.

During his first year Mayor Tucker saw the Board of Aldermen override a record number of his vetoes. Plagued with a construction strike and a dog-pound scandal, he also faced a \$4-million deficit. Favorable action in the state legislature was

essential to maintain the city tax structure, but a majority of representatives were hostile.

"Only a man who believed in St. Louis with all his heart could have survived that ordeal of fire," says a political rival. "Even those of us who fight Ray Tucker—and there are many of us—have to admit that he's absolutely honest and loves this city with passion."

The man and the city are intertwined. He was baptized in Sts. Mary and Joseph church, where his parents were married; attended parochial school, and later the public high school. He won a scholarship to St. Louis university. He met hazel-eyed Edythe Leiber, also a native St. Louisan, at a fraternity party, married her, and took her to the home inherited from his father.

Sometimes, taking a leave of absence from professional duties or giving volunteer service on a part-time basis, he had a chance to learn the city's ills firsthand. After terms as secretary to the mayor and smoke commissioner he worked with a survey committee as well as with a committee that prepared a civil-service act. He was director of public safety, civil-defense director, and a leader in citizens' groups concerned with civic issues.

St. Louis civic leaders of the post-Civil War period had conceived the idea of converting St. Louis into a free city, patterned after famous free cities of Germany. Translated into the American system, this resulted

in legislation that made it both a city and a county. No other major U.S. center except Baltimore has a comparable organization.

At first the approach paid dividends. It made possible an elaborate system of highways and parks that won world acclaim from visitors to the Louisiana Purchase exposition in 1904. But as population increased, troubles developed. Eventually a host of incorporated towns sprang up about St. Louis. Tax, police, and traffic problems grew more complex yearly.

Authority was not clearly defined. Corruption and municipal decay brought the city to the point of desperation that led to the choice of Raymond R. Tucker as architect of its future.

Many of his dreams have been realized; some have not. Most of his proposed changes have been adopted in part or in full; a plan to revise the cumbersome city charter has been rejected. He has secured approval of several major bond issues, one of which involved \$110,639,000 in local improvements.

During his administration St. Louis has cleared seven slum areas for 6,150 units of public-housing apartments, costing \$70 million. Another 3,000 units are planned, and a \$400-million commercial-industrial development for a long-depressed area near the heart of the city is in the works.

He has had "superb cooperation" from Archbishop Joseph Ritter, the

Rabbinical association, the Metropolitan Church federation, and Missouri synod Lutheran agencies.

In 1957, he was re-elected for a second four-year term. He won a plurality in each of the 28 wards.

Metropolitan St. Louis requires her mayor to chart the course of an urban complex that includes nearly 500,000 persons across the Mississippi in two Illinois counties. On the Missouri side, St. Louis county alone includes 99 municipalities and 21 fire districts. Population growth is greatest in the county, but tax burdens are heaviest in St. Louis proper.

According to Tucker, the ideal solution is the merger of the outlying towns with St. Louis. But voters are not yet ready for so radical a step, he thinks. Until they are, something less than the ideal must be supported.

Tucker says that his only contribution to municipal government is the lesson that aroused citizens can and must assume more civic responsibility. Such responsibility includes running for office and serving even at a financial loss.

"It is also my firm belief," he says, "that the professional engineer, by reason of his special skills and training, has more to offer his community than almost any other type of professional personnel."

He smiles as he waves away all claim to personal credit. "Public officials," he says, "should always remember that they are appointed, not anointed!"

A Good=by to Old St. Joseph's

*Sixty years of history are summed up
in the phone calls to the orphanage*

ST. JOSEPH'S Home for Children in St. Paul, Minn., has been closed. The children are being cared for elsewhere. Unthinking persons sometimes referred to the old red brick building as "the orphanage," but it was never that. For 60 years it was truly home to kids who knew no other.

The records say that nearly 3,500 children were cared for there over the years, but the Benedictine Sisters who mothered those kids probably couldn't begin to count all the people who showed up at one time or another. Some were orphans; many were not. Some stayed to help. Some stayed to get help, and ended up by giving it.

There were always sewing and ironing to do. The kids needed haircuts. They needed rides, rides, and more rides. Often, they simply needed a friend.

And the parties—how many, over all the years? In big groups and little, in organizations or just as informal groups of friends, the volunteers came to give a party at the home or

to take some youngsters out to one.

Sixty years is quite a time in the life of a city, or of a building. Prayer was always a vital part of life at old St. Joseph's. Afterwards, there were clothes to wash, floors and windows to clean, vegetables to can, bread to bake.

There were so many boys and girls to be cared for and encouraged, guided and taught. There were so many phone calls and ringing doorbells.

A truly amazing variety of people dialed that number—Midway 9-2182—or stood on that porch. Men and



*244 Dayton Ave., St. Paul 2, Minn. May 27, 1960. © 1960 by the Catholic Bulletin Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

women of every walk of life: Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and people of no formal religion. Some were well-to-do and some not so well-to-do; some cheerful and some otherwise. They came for a thousand reasons.

It must often have been hard for the Sisters to receive everyone with a smile. The phone might be ringing; a couple of little girls might be clamoring for attention; another visitor might already be sitting in the parlor—or maybe all three things were going on at once. But courtesy prevailed, and people responded.

"We had a big picnic today, Sister, and we have an awful lot of potato salad left over. Could you use it? Some rolls, too."

"Today is my birthday, Sister. I got some cash presents, and I'd like you to have the money. You see, when I was a little girl, my mother taught me to give someone else a present on my birthday. I'm not a Catholic."

"S'ter, I'm in Billy's room at school. I live two blocks down Randolph. Can he come over to my house for a while?"

"Sister, I left the orphanage here about 50 years ago. I'm having trouble finding my birth certificate. Social security, you know."

"Sorry the movie's late, Sister—had a flat tire. We couldn't get that one you wanted, but I know you'll like this one; it's a Gene Autry!"

"Our house doesn't seem the same any more, Sister. We felt that this would be a good place to bring his

toys. Some are kind of nice ones. We know you'd have a boy or two who could use them."

"Good afternoon, Sister; we're here for the tour . . ."

These and many more, each wanting to give something or to ask for something. They all sought a hearing, patience, a kind word. Sometimes they simply needed someone to talk to. Perhaps they sought all unconsciously the kind of words Christ might have spoken had it been He who opened the big door.

Without quite knowing why, many times, they came to a place where they felt there must be good people, where there would be someone who could understand, who would listen.

Why? Well, they take care of those kids, don't they?—that's the kind of people they must be.

And the telephone. . . . Maybe some day the Holy Father will canonize a saint who will look very strange indeed on her holy card unless she's got a telephone in her hand.

But would it seem so strange? A real apostolate of the telephone has been carried on at old 1458 Randolph these many years. Who can count the lives that have been changed because of those calls—and those answers?

"Sister, I'm going on vacation tomorrow. I have to close the shop, and I've got all kinds of pie and cake left over. If you can get over here before six o'clock. . . ."

"Sister, do you have any boys left for Christmas?"

"I have quite a few papers and magazines ready, Sister; will you pick them up?"

"Police, Sister . . . I think we've found those two girls."

"Sister, I've got 12 tickets for the Saints' opener. I'll be glad to drop them off if you can use them."

"Sister, could a group of about 20 students go through the home next Tuesday at 3:30?"

"Sister, we'd love to have a little girl during Easter vacation."

"Sister, I'm going to kill myself. . . ." Yes, even that one—a twisted hope that someone at Midway 9-2182 would listen a minute, would care. Someone did.

The old red building, and all that it represents, has exerted a powerful tug on a great many people these 60 years. There couldn't be any mistake about it; men and women of every kind of background, whether they sought help or wanted to give it, have come to this place because they felt that here there simply had to be good, unselfish people.

In Our Parish

In our parish in Quebec, a visiting priest was preaching a sermon about hell. My six-year-old boy started to fidget, and finally plucked my sleeve to whisper, "Mommy, could a rocket get out of hell?"

He must have taken my hushing gesture for an affirmative nod, for after a minute he looked up again for further reassurance and said hopefully, "With a man in it?"

Mrs. C. Daprato.

In our parish our pastor had announced that he was going to visit every home in the neighborhood. When I got home I told the children that they must keep the living room tidy in preparation for the visit.

A few weeks went by. Each night I reminded the children to pick up their toys. One night as I was listening to my six-year-old daughter's prayers, I heard her say, "And please, God, send Father to see us soon as I am sick and tired of picking up in the living room."

Mrs. M. Grant.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

Should the U.S. let more people in?

Our national policy has been rather charitable and rather insulting



A MEMBER of the House of Representatives rose. He solemnly argued that while a liberal immigration policy was all very well when the country was new and unsettled, now that the U.S. had reached maturity further immigration should be halted.

That first recorded instance of concern over admitting aliens to residence occurred in 1797. Since then, debate over our immigration policies usually has been more rational, but always has been heated. The subject is inevitably controversial, since it involves deep-rooted sensitivities about race, nationality, and religion.

Our basic policy today is contained in a 302-page, little understood bill named after its co-sponsors, the late Senator Pat McCarran (Dem., Nev.) and Representative Francis Walter (Dem., Pa.). It was passed in 1952 by a Democratic Congress, but was vetoed by President Truman on grounds that it was discriminatory, too restrictive, and "a step backward." Congress overrode the veto,

but the arguments have lingered on.

The national secretariat of the Catholic bishops has raised questions about the bill in connection with the current World Refugee year. In the light of our obligations as a Christian, democratic nation, the bishops asked, "Is the total number of quota immigrants too low, considering the immense economic strength of our nation?" They also wondered if there was "justice and charity" in keeping in our laws such "prejudicial elements" as token quotas for Orientals and a national-origins clause.

The McCarran-Walter act revised and for the first time codified our hodgepodge of immigration and naturalization laws. There is no necessary connection between immigration and naturalization. An immigrant visa permits an alien to reside in the U.S. as long as he obeys the law. It carries no requirement that he ever become a citizen.

The sore point about the McCarran-Walter act is that it adopts the

basic national-origins philosophy of the 1924 immigration law. Eighty-five countries are limited to an annual over-all total of 154,657 immigrant visas. Each of the 85 countries is given a fixed quota. That quota is equal to one-sixth of 1% of the number of persons in our 1920 population who were of that origin.

Mirroring our national composition of 40 years ago, the quota system therefore assigns large numbers of possible immigrants to the Northern and Western European countries and tiny quotas to Southern and Eastern Europe.

How has it worked out? Ironically, although only 16% of all immigrants admitted here during the last 30 years were supposed to come from South and East Europe, 40% actually arrived. The reason is that they wanted to come in great numbers, while nearly all the favored nations were letting their fat quotas remain largely unused.

Take the fiscal year ending in July, 1959. The British quota (65,261) and the Irish quota (17,756) were less than 33% and 50% filled, respectively. But the quotas for Italy (5,666) and Yugoslavia (942) were oversubscribed. (Up to half a year's quota may be "mortgaged" against future years.)

But the contrasts among European quotas is nothing compared with the disparity between the Europeans and the Orientals. The McCarran-Walter act opened our doors to Asians—slightly. For the first time in our

history, American immigration and naturalization was available to all aliens of Asian birth. (Under the 1924 act, 11 Asiatic nations had not been entitled to a single immigrant.)

However, a tight lid was kept on the number of Asians who can come in under this policy. The 21 Oriental countries are lumped into what is called the Asia-Pacific Triangle and given an annual combined immigration quota of 2,000 for their aggregate population of 1 billion. Thus, Japan's quota is 185 and China's quota is only 100—the same as that for Samoa and Thailand.

The act contains another special rule for the Orientals. Every non-Asiatic alien is admitted under the quota assigned to the place of his birth, regardless of his racial origin. For instance, a Greek or Arab born in England is eligible under the British quota. But an alien who traces even one-half of his ancestry to a people marked off in the "triangle" must come in under a triangle quota, even though he may have been born in Brazil or some other remote spot.

Inexplicably, the U.S. has never limited immigration from nations in North and South America in any way. However, each colony in the western hemisphere is limited to 100 immigrants a year, the minimum quota for *any* country. Thus a British colony in the West Indies could benefit from Britain's largely unused quota only to a very limited extent. Immigrants from these colonies prior

to the McCarran-Walter act were chargeable to the mother country and came here in large numbers as industrial and domestic workers.

Fifty per cent of each nation's quota, European and Asiatic alike, is reserved for whatever type of services the attorney general believes are "urgently needed" and considers to be "substantially beneficial prospectively to the national economy, cultural interests, or welfare of the U.S." He exercises his choice on the basis of requests from employers.

Another 30% of each quota is reserved for the parents and adult children of American citizens. (Spouses and unmarried minor children of citizens can enter as non-quota immigrants.) The remaining 20% of each quota is held for the spouses and unmarried sons and daughters of lawfully resident aliens. The policy is to maintain the family unit wherever possible.

The law does not prescribe that the first 50% *must* be filled by skilled workers. If there are fewer than 50% of such persons on the list, then the quota is filled as far as possible from the second and third categories—before becoming available to the non-preference aliens.

Critics of the McCarran-Walter act contend that the national-origins system makes us no friends in the cold war because it is inherently insulting. Foreigners are evaluated by a curious yardstick. For, according to the quota formula, the U.S. seems to be operating on the theory that

one Englishman is worth 35 Greeks and 653 South Koreans, but only 13 Italians; one Irishman is worth 600 Turks but only ten Swiss. And so it goes, with the Asians hardly counting at all.

One proposal is to wipe out the quotas entirely. The argument runs like this: the admission of immigrants should be handled by a special commission. The criteria for admission should have nothing to do with race, religion, color, or nationality lines. After all, the only real questions involved are: how many should be allowed to come in? Who? Under what tests? And basic to everything should be the overriding test: what is best for the U.S.?

Priorities could be given to such factors as the skills needed and the re-uniting of families, as under the present law, and also to the granting of asylum to refugees fleeing persecution, in accord with the highest American traditions.

Guided by the criteria, the commission would try to choose wisely among all the applicants, an admittedly awesome responsibility. But the argument is that this is more flexible and less cumbersome than limiting the skilled-worker and family-preference priorities by percentage within each nation.

For instance, the Spanish quota of 250 is so oversubscribed that no Spanish scientist could be considered for the first quarter of 1960 (under a skilled-worker priority) who had not filed an application prior to

March 1, 1959. And an immigrant who married a Spanish girl five years ago would have had to wait until this year to bring her in for permanent residence. The "backup" is often much worse in other disfavored countries.

Every responsible person agrees there should be some annual limit on immigration visas; otherwise, we would be engulfed in a flood of aliens. A much-favored proposal is to use the same over-all formula as the 1924 act (one sixth of 1% of the total population in 1920) but to apply it to the 1950 census. That would admit 250,000 immigrants a year.

President Eisenhower has recommended a compromise on both the national-origins and over-all-total problems. His plan would add 65,000 to the present quota ceiling of 154,657 and distribute it under a formula based on the actual sources of immigration since 1924. The formula would apply not only to the 65,000 but also to the unused quotas under the old system.

The result would jump the Southern-Eastern European total to an estimated 125,000 immigrants, compared with the present combined quota of only 10,000 for that area. Congress ignored the proposal, as it has every other idea for tampering with the basic philosophy of the McCarran-Walter act.

To give us our due, the U.S. has for some years (in point of numbers, at least) received more foreigners

both as immigrants and citizens than any other country in the world. A grand total of 260,686 aliens were admitted as immigrants during fiscal 1959, even though the over-all immigrant quota of 154,657 was less than two thirds filled (60% of the authorized quota total has gone unused for 30 years). Some 163,000 aliens entered as nonquota immigrants. The vast majority were natives of western-hemisphere nations and the spouses of children of American citizens.

As the statement by the Catholic bishops readily conceded, the U.S. has taken many humanitarian actions in this field since the 2nd World War. In special legislation in 1953, Congress permitted entry of orphans who were adopted or who were to be adopted in the U.S. by American servicemen or government employees abroad.

Congress also circumvented the quotas through the Displaced Persons Act of 1948, which covered approximately 500,000 refugees, and in the Refugee Relief Act of 1953, which brought in 209,000 refugees, orphans, escapees, and relatives of alien residents. The DP act permitted the wholesale "mortgaging" of quotas for many years ahead. In 1957 Congress generously canceled all the mortgages made under that act.

At the same time, the U.S. has spent hundreds of millions assisting displaced persons and refugees and in defraying transportation costs of

surplus populations to underdeveloped areas or to areas needing manpower.

Too, a few restrictions on the admission of immigrants have been slightly relaxed. Formerly, tuberculosis in any form automatically excluded an alien. Now the attorney general has discretion to waive that prohibition for close relatives of citizens and lawfully resident aliens.

The first agitation in the 19th century to block the tide of new-type immigration came from the municipal reformers and labor leaders: two groups that in recent years have generally plumped for a more liberal immigration policy. The first restrictive laws were aimed at cutting off the influx of Chinese laborers. At the turn of the century all Chinese immigration was suspended, even from our own new territory of Hawaii.

Between 1905 and 1914 a million persons a year crowded past the immigration inspectors. A special immigration commission was appointed to study the matter. In a 42-volume report, the commission laid out an

unfavorable contrast between North-western and Southeastern Europeans as they then appeared. This was the basis for our subsequent national-origins formula.

In 1917 the restrictionists enjoyed their first big victory, passing a bill over President Wilson's veto. It adopted a literacy test for immigrants and mapped out the Asiatic "barred zone" which has been adapted into the Asia-Pacific triangle of today. In 1924 the first over-all immigration act was passed on a landslide of Southern, Western, and rural votes. It excluded aliens ineligible for citizenship (i.e., Orientals), provoking protests from the Japanese government.

Ironically, one reason the American colonies rebelled against England was its restrictive immigration policy. One count against King George in the Declaration of Independence is this: "He has endeavored to prevent population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws of naturalization; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither. . . ."



ON TARGET

An old sergeant was having a hard time keeping a brash recruit in his place. The youngster had a knack for making good his boasts. Having outshot all the other recruits on the rifle range, he made the barracks miserable with accounts of his prowess.


Turning to the sergeant, the lad remarked, "Bet you didn't shoot that well when you first joined up, sarge."

After a pause, the sergeant replied, "No, son, I didn't. But when I first shot, somebody was shooting back."

Wall Street Journal (6 Nov. '59).

St. Augustine and the City of God

*The last of the Romans taught the world of the future
how the City of God must reign in the City of Man*

PRING, 391 A.D. A pious 37-year-old rhetoric teacher is visiting the North African town of Hippo, our modern Bône, Algeria. At the Great Basilica one Sunday, he hears the bishop preach about the dearth of priests in his church. Suddenly the crowd interrupts with a shout, "Let Augustine be our priest!" At that instant the teacher's sole desire is to be gone. But already an enthusiastic handful of people have caught hold of him and dragged him to the foot of the bishop's throne. The bishop, delighted by the success of his oratory, ordains him on the spot.

This strikes us as rather a lively way of going about things: yet in Milan, St. Ambrose also owed his election to the bishopric to circumstances very much like these. And when Augustine made his irritation fully apparent, someone burst out, "Nonsense! You will soon be our bishop!" Soon after, Augustine was made coadjutor, and in 396, on the bishop's death, Augustine succeeded him.

For 34 years, St. Augustine would be Bishop of Hippo. He loved the town, the circlet of mountains bounding its horizons, the tall, dark pines and the olive groves. But above all he loved the people of Hippo, exacting, turbulent folk.

Overflowing with enthusiasm, the Christians of Africa had always been violent in character, carried easily to extremes. It was not very long since a rebel "bishop" had traveled the country about Hippo with armed bands, attacking people faithful to Rome. In Hippo itself the Donatist bishop was so powerful that he could forbid the bakers to make bread for Catholics and be well and truly obeyed.

In this epoch almost all the men who accomplished great things were bishops, men like Athanasius, Ambrose, John Chrysostom, Martin of Tours. Something vital would have been missing from Augustine's character if he had never felt the yoke of the burdens which bishops took for granted in that troubled age.

The burdens were especially

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heavy in an African bishopric, yet Augustine continued to write tremendous books. Duties which would have utterly worn down most men were for him only a kind of basis for living, a way of safeguarding his contact with reality.

Augustine was essentially an intellectual, a giant of an intellectual, deeply stirred by ideas. He once wrote to a disciple of his: "Don't believe for a moment that God hates that very quality in us by which He has raised us above the animals. God does not want us to think that He is preventing us from searching and finding out the meaning of things! Work to understand, with all your heart!"

AUGUST, 410 A.D. A dreadful piece of news reached Augustine. Rome had been sacked by the barbarians! Very soon refugees began to trickle in, bringing all the frightful details of the story with them. "Ruin upon ruin, fire and plunder, massacre and torture." It all seemed unbelievable, such was the picture of Rome's majesty which still dominated men's minds, and yet it was true. At Bethlehem, St. Jerome wept. And at Hippo, expressing the thought of all his people, Augustine exclaimed (we can almost hear his voice breaking with emotion), "The body of Peter is at Rome! The body of Paul is at Rome!"

Everyone was struck numb with horror; they could see a world crumbling before their eyes, sliding into

the abyss. Augustine, however, quickly collected his thoughts. The fall of Rome was not the end of the world, but the indication of the end of a world. Civilizations, like men, are mortal: man's proper task is not to mourn, but to build for the morrow.

The pagans were saying, "It is in Christian times that Rome is devastated. Rome flourished, did she not, whilst men offered sacrifices to the gods? You Christians pray to your God and you have forbidden us to pray to ours: now see what has happened!"

Did this propaganda affect the Christians themselves? It must have, since Augustine judged it necessary to refute it. Pressed by several friends, he began his task towards the end of 412. Despite all the burdens of his office, he worked furiously at it for 13 years. It grew month by month, spreading far beyond the boundaries of its original subject, rising to heights never before attained. When he stopped writing, toward the beginning of 426, the masterpiece comprised no fewer than 22 books: this then is the *City of God*.

It is impossible to do justice to such a book in a few lines. It embodies a philosophy of history, a theory of the state and of social life, and a précis of the relationships between the spiritual and the temporal authorities. At the same time it is a kind of manual of the art of living in times of trouble, a book of consolation.

It begins with the sack of Rome and ends with the Day of Judgment. Now wandering off into interminable detail on the customs of the Barbarians, the various philosophical systems, the wars of the empire, the hierarchies of the angels, even the scandals of the day, now summing up an idea, and demonstrating it in definite terms, it is a massive, difficult, and inexhaustible book, like all the great masterpieces of the world.

In it everything finds unity, earthly phenomena and divine wishes, knowledge of the past, prescience of the future. The genius's eye takes in the entire human destiny and orders it around Christianity. He goes back to the origins of human society, and leads one forward to the end of all things. Baudelaire summed it up in an unsurpassed phrase, the day that he declared that true civilization was to be found in the "diminution of the traces of original sin."

One precept permeates Augustine's theory: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength, and with thy whole mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." The priority of the spiritual factor, the necessity of the brotherhood of man, the paramount importance of the individual over all values and all needs; all St. Augustine's moral philosophy, sociology, and political thought is no more than the putting into practice of "the greatest of all the Commandments."

We cannot develop here all the

sociological and political points to which St. Augustine applied the Christian ideal. Let us take just one, his consideration of man in society.

Augustine saw clearly the limits of collective demands. For him the family was the first natural grouping beyond the individual: willed by God, it is the unit forming the basis of human society.

The motherland is a kind of extension of it. Augustine, unlike many modern thinkers, never confused the motherland with her administrative trappings, the *state*. The motherland is a living reality to him, a jumble of emotional loyalties and concrete demands. It seems much more real to him than the cumbersome, despotic, centralizing Roman Empire which he obviously distrusts.

Augustine knew no other rule save that of the empire, but he had the astonishing foresight to envisage the birth of future nation-states, which he saw as respecting one another's rights, within a sort of federation of equal members. This wonderful picture was not to take shape until very much later on, when, at about the year 1000, the baptized peoples of France, Hungary, and Poland tended to develop into national entities. It was only then that the idea of *Christendom* was to assert itself.

The state was one of Augustine's principal preoccupations. And here he made a declaration of great importance: the state can never be the supreme goal. The Christian is not only and not primarily a citizen.

This truth does not mean that St. Augustine was unconscious of the state's natural right. Authority exists because God has willed it to do so. "The will of the Almighty gives power to some and not to others," he wrote.

However, it is essential that government should be consistent with the ideal of the spiritual destiny of man. The ruler's duty is to promote the rule of justice. When this ideal is betrayed the state becomes unlawful, and on this basis Augustine declares the Roman Empire to be "unworthy of the name of state," because it has not known real justice, the justice of Christ. Men should obey those who use their authority to promote amity among men with a view to eternal happiness. Wicked rulers should not be obeyed. The political science of St. Augustine is based on these two precepts.

Augustine set down Christianity as the one undeniable fact, the one thing which can stand the test of time. A society may crumble, but what does it matter? Another is there ready to take its place, against which nothing will prevail.

Augustine took upon himself the entire past of the classical world—that past which was then awaiting the abyss; he extracted from it everything which deserved to survive, and, in propping humanity upon the wood of the cross, he turned its troubled face, which was pondering on the dying past, towards the future. It is thanks to Augustine that

the barbarian soul was slowly expanded, and led, through Christianity, to civilization. The break-up of the classical world was not just the end of something, but the birth of a new form of civilization.

SPRING, 430 A.D. All throughout Rome's African provinces there was nothing but misery, a chorus of weeping and wailing, refugees jamming the roads—a picture of utter despair. People were fleeing from one town to another, searching for the remaining places of safety, which were themselves becoming increasingly insecure. On every road people expected to see the red-haired warriors of Genseric, crazed with lust for battle, leap up in front of them.

It was not a year since the Vandals had crossed the straits and landed in Africa, a horde of greedy marauders, their savage appetite redoubled by the lure of the bountiful wheat fields and fine vineyards of a fertile Africa.

By May, 430, almost the whole province was at their mercy. Nothing significant remained of the might and majesty of Rome.

A few pockets of resistance held out here and there: Hippo still lay under siege. But the outcome was all too obvious. The town was overcrowded, swarming with refugees. Famine threatened, plague was rampant. There was no hope of outside help. Was not Italy herself being threatened by other barbarians at this very moment? As for Byzantium, that was so far away! The Africans

fought on simply because they knew what would happen to them when the Vandals won; they fought on to hold off, if only for a little while, that inevitable moment.

Yet, in this beleaguered city where defeatism appeared so complete there was one man who was the incarnation of hope and courage. Augustine had just entered his 66th year. Though his physical strength, which had never been very great, was fast failing, his spirit had never burned more brightly.

Not a detail of his way of life did he change. He prayed, as he had always done, he prayed a great deal; he read and wrote as much as ever; he preached the Gospel; he gave generously to the wretched beggars who clustered round his doorway. Every Sunday, without fail, his frail voice rang out in the Great Basilica, triumphant and confident amid the silence that gripped the stricken congregation.

Augustine must have felt that he was watching the utter collapse of his world. What was left now of all that he had loved and fought for? As a native-born African, how could he look at the burned-out fields of his native land without being overcome with grief? As a Christian, the proud successor of the Carthage martyrs, and the spiritual son of St. Cyprian, how could he possibly reconcile himself to the fact that this flourishing Christian community was falling into the hands of barbarians whose heresy made them even more ruth-

less towards the true Church? And, as a Roman citizen, how his heart must have bled at the sight of the empire in the grip of anarchy, and universal degradation where there had once been universal order.

Yet the words which sprang to his lips remained words of hope. "You are saying, 'Miserable wretches that we are! The world is going to be destroyed!' But listen carefully to what is written in the Gospel: 'Heaven and earth will pass away, my words will not pass away!'

"These are difficult and dreadful times,' people are saying. But these times are part of us, are they not? The times are what we have made them! Yes, we are all guilty, but we have been promised mercy. Have you not been baptized in hope? Do you not understand that God's will can be accomplished through the most frightful afflictions? No Goth can seize what belongs to Christ! True riches are not things that Vandals can steal; no barbarian can rob you of the true life."

During the third month of the siege this noble voice was suddenly silenced. The news spread through Hippo that the bishop was on his deathbed. He had been attacked by a high fever, caught, no doubt, from some refugee in the town.

Shutting himself in his cell, Augustine spent whole days in silence. It was not yet a silence of exhaustion, but a silence which enabled him to re-examine the events of his life, to think, and to pray. Oc-

casionally he thought he heard the sharp, high-pitched notes of a trumpet on the walls; the signal of yet another Vandal attack. In the street outside the bishop's monastery-palace, the crowd jostled and prayed.

The dying man begged God to forgive him his sins. He ordered the Penitential Psalms to be nailed to the walls of his cell, so that he could read the verses over and over again.

This done, he repeated them aloud.

On Aug. 28 of 430, Augustine died. In the humility of his dying prayer little did the old bishop of Hippo suspect that his philosophy was going to illuminate the coming centuries, that his genius was to mold the world which was being born out of the travails of the present, or that his sanctity would be an everlasting example to posterity.



BRAVE NEW WORLD

A businessman was complaining to a friend about the swarm of worries that tormented him. "I can't take it much longer," he declared. "Worries are beginning to smother me, with dozens closing in from all sides."

"The thing for you to do," his friend advised, "is to consolidate your worries; that is, lump together all the related ones. That's what I did, and now I have only three problems: nagging creditors, profitless business, and the fact that I'm broke."

C. C.



An explorer traveling in the jungles of Central India came upon a native village rarely visited by outsiders.

"You people in the forest certainly are lost to modern civilization," he observed to the headman.

"We don't mind being lost," was the reply. "It's being discovered that worries us."

M. M.



With a grim look, the customer settled himself in the barber chair. The barber put a towel around him.

"Before we start," the customer said firmly, "I know the weather's terrible, I know nothing about horse racing, and I don't care who wins the fight. I don't wish to discuss politics, taxes, the cold war, rocket missiles, interplanetary travel, or duckhunting. I'm aware that I'm getting thin on top, but it suits me. Now get on with it."

"If you don't mind, sir," returned the barber calmly, "I'll be able to do a better job on your hair if you don't talk so much."

F. G. Kernan.

Wire Tamed the West

*Without the barbs thought up by the two inventors
from DeKalb all your steaks would still be tough*

THE WEST was still wild a century ago; the reason was the high cost of fencing. Agricultural expansion, continuous since the arrival of the Pilgrims, had ground to a standstill at the Missouri. Beyond, in the Great Plains areas of what are now Nebraska and Kansas, was open range where ranchers grazed their herds.

Fences were generally worth more than the real estate or livestock they enclosed. Their annual maintenance cost property owners more than the total of their local, state, and federal taxes.

In the East and South fencing served a double purpose. Apart from enclosure, it helped in the clearing of land. Thus, in New England, where rocks abounded, fences were stone walls. In the wooded South rail fences were common. But neither stone nor rail was completely satisfactory. Each harbored weeds and pests. Maintenance was a cruel burden. But both types did keep livestock out of crops.

Out on the plains no fencing ma-

terial was available. The stone supply was small. The only timber was in the river valleys, and this was exhausted quickly by the first settlers and the railroads. Imported timber was expensive.

Pioneers hungered for the rich prairies. But the livestock ranchers fought invasion by farmers. They influenced legislation, and had fence-out laws passed which made the farmer responsible for any fencing that was done. The homesteader obviously could not afford fencing that was worth more than his land, and



*"The magazine of western history." Roberts and 6th Ave., Helena, Mont. Winter, 1960.
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he couldn't farm without protection from cattle.

For a time hedges were thought to be a solution. Trouble was, they took up land, cast shade, and stole water from crops. They spread, and required continual pruning.

Attempts were made to develop fences from existing materials. In eastern Nebraska strips of sod were cut, stacked, then plastered with mud. But these disintegrated in thundershowers. Some Texans tried to make mesquite hedges. Others made fences by wadding tumbleweeds between two rows of posts. A few tried making wattle fences by lacing brush between posts. None of the barriers proved practical.

There did exist at that time an almost perfect fencing material, wire. It wasted almost no land. It exhausted no soil, shaded no crops. Wind didn't affect it and it made no snowdrifts. It was durable and inexpensive. The only thing wrong with a smooth wire fence was that cattle crawled through it.

Hopeful men had been trying for years to invent an effective device to repel cattle. Most of the schemes tried to combine the pricking power of hedge thorns with the practicality of wire.

By some phenomenon, the two most successful forms of barbed wire were developed at almost the same time by two men from the same town, DeKalb, Ill.

In 1874 Joseph Glidden, a farmer, was granted a patent on a fence idea

that he had designed the year before. His first scheme was to twist short wire barbs at intervals along one smooth wire. But the wire snarled in manufacture. As Glidden untangled it he decided that he needed two wires twisted together to compose a strand.

This idea brought him success. The two twisted wires held the barbs in their proper space on the wire, prevented them from rotating, and counteracted to some extent the effect of temperature expansion. Sag, caused by steel's expansion in summer heat, made it easy for cattle to crawl through smooth wire fences. The type of wire developed by Glidden is the form in common use today.

I. L. Ellwood was another DeKalb fence tinkerer. He later became Glidden's partner. Ellwood claimed that Glidden developed his idea after observing at a county fair a small, square board with nails through it.

Shortly after Glidden applied for his patent, Jacob Haish, a lumber dealer in DeKalb, applied for a patent on another practical form of barbed wire. His claim came into conflict with Glidden's, and litigation continued for years. Haish's solution was an S-shaped barb held in place by its shape between two twisted wires. This form of fencing is also in use today.

Both Glidden and Haish were well aware of the commercial possibilities of their inventions. Glidden was manufacturing barbed wire on

his farm before his patent became final. He, his wife, and the hired man were the entire labor force. In the evenings they cut short lengths of wire for barbs. These were twisted in an old coffee mill converted for the purpose. The next day the spurs were evenly spaced on a wire and set in place by hammering them against an iron block. One end of the wire with the barbs on it and the end of an unadorned wire were fastened to a post. The other ends were attached to a farm grindstone, the stone turned until the wires were twisted, and the strand was coiled by hand. The final product was sold locally.

Besides making wire Glidden became busy on other fronts. He formed the Barb Fence Co. and organized a sales force. He started buying the rights of earlier inventors. He pushed the development of a machine to put the barb on the wire. He formed a partnership with Ellwood, and they secured a factory.

At first, operations at the factory were not much better than at the farm. One boy carried the ends of several greased wires to the top of a windmill. Another boy carried the barbs up in a bucket. They slid the prickers down the wires, the combinations were taken inside, the pointers spaced and set, and the wire twisted and coiled.

In a short time a machine which set and twisted the barbs automatically was developed. Meanwhile, the original sales resistance to barbed

wire was overcome, and Glidden and Ellwood began to make wire by the carload.

Haish was also busy making and selling barbed wire. Before long the two DeKalb manufacturers were using practically the entire output of their smooth-wire supplier, the Washburn and Moen Co., of Worcester, Mass. This manufacturer became interested in the sudden rush of orders, and sent a man to DeKalb. The investigator returned with the barbed-wire story. Washburn and Moen decided to try to buy the barbed-wire business.

Charles F. Washburn, a vice president, went to DeKalb. He bought half of Glidden's interest for \$60,000 and a royalty of 25¢ per 100 pounds on the wire to be manufactured. Haish would not sell. He became Washburn and Moen's chief competitor.

Washburn and Moen moved rapidly. They had a machine made which turned out barbed wire completely automatically. They continued consolidating the pertinent prior patents; 1,225 fencing patents were issued by the U. S. Patent Office by 1881. They fought Haish in court for years. Finally they achieved a monopoly. Then the government started suit for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust act.

In spite of the litigation Washburn and Moen prospered. In 1883 their DeKalb factory was producing 600 miles of barbed wire a day. The firm later became the American Steel

and Wire Co., now a part of United States Steel Co., and one of the world's leading manufacturers of wire and wire products.

Early sales resistance to barbed wire was based on the fact that horses and cattle lacked experience with it. They ran into it at full speed. The wounds were often fatal. After viewing one such accident a ranchman said he wished "the man who invented barbed wire had it all around him in a ball and the ball rolled in hell." But after several years of exposure, cattle and horses learned to fear the wire. They learned so well that it became almost impossible to drive cows between bare fence posts.

Once convinced of the value of barbed wire, some ranchers went to extremes. They fenced everything they owned, sometimes more than they owned. They blocked roads and water holes. Fences were built around small homesteads and the owners denied access or egress.

Fence-cutting wars were inevitable. Farmers cut wire the ranchers had strung. Ranchers cut when the farmers built. Finally state legislatures had to act. Fence cutting was

made a felony. Laws were passed to provide rights of access to isolated tracts, rights of way along public roads.

The invention of barbed wire made many things possible. The farmer could afford the four miles of fence that enclose and divide the average 160-acre farm. Homesteading became practical and spread over the plains. Large ranchers, small ranchers, and farmers found it possible to live side by side.

The fences blocked the cattle drives, and the railroads' business grew. Longhorn cattle disappeared as the ranchers learned that with the aid of barbed wire they could use blooded stock and scientific breeding to increase value of their herds. Industrial development was hastened. The army and the Marine corps found a useful defensive entanglement. Hollywood based hundreds of plots for grade C westerns on the fence-cutting wars.

The Great Plains area today has countless farms and ranches, rapid transportation networks, growing industries, reclamation projects, booming communities. It owes much of its well-being to barbed wire.



SOLID SUPPORT

A New Jersey woman sent a cake to the members of the local school board for a post-meeting snack. She is still a bit perplexed by the school board's thank-you letter.

"We appreciate the cooperative spirit," it read in part, "of which your cake is concrete evidence."

Education Digest (May '60).

By Maxwell Droke
Condensed from
*"You and the World to Come"**

Education for Tomorrow

*How many will go to college and
what good will it do them?*



IF you are more than 50 years old you can remember when graduates of what Elbert Hubbard called the "University of Hard Knocks" ran our country. Our industrialists of the era of Henry Ford and Charles M. Schwab had come up from the apprentice system. Our merchants and manufacturers were self-made men. In a small town the school board was likely to be dominated by men with less formal education than the older pupils. These men were for the most part fiercely resolved to give their children educational advantages they themselves had never had.

Yet periodicals of the time were full of jokes in which the smart lad just out of college was given his comeuppance. A typical anecdote had the newly employed youth being given a broom and told to sweep out the office. "But," he protested, "this is no work for me; I have an A.B. degree." "In that case," responded the employer, taking the broom in his own hand, "come along and

I'll teach you the rest of the alphabet."

In 1900 fewer than 18% of our adults aged 25 years or over had received the equivalent of a high-school education. Half a century later, in 1950, the figure had risen to 28.3%.

A steadily increasing percentage of our young people are now getting at least 12 years of formal education. But even compulsory-education laws are no guarantee that all bright young people who really want an education will complete high school.

About a fourth of those with the highest IQ's who do finish will get no college training whatever. But between 1950 and 1960 the number of our college graduates just about doubled in relation to our total population. It will be 1975 before college graduates will comprise 10% of our adult population. And the illiterates will have shrunk to about 4%.

In the 1958-59 school year we enrolled some 42 million students for

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formal instruction. About 30 million of these were in the elementary grades; some 9 million were in high schools; and slightly more than 3 million were in colleges and universities.

In the fall of 1958 more than 4 million youngsters started school for the first time, while in the same period the number of freshmen in colleges and universities was well under a million. Nevertheless, all present signs indicate that of the 4 million who now start school annually not more than a million will eventually be graduated from a college. Where and how are the others sidetracked?

We tend to think that people in this enlightened age desire all the education they can get. The depressing truth is that a great number of our young people are indifferent or actively antagonistic to education. They neither desire nor are able to absorb more than a high-school education. With relief they lay aside hated textbooks at 17 or 18 and turn to the business of making a living.

Another large group would like to go on to college, but they won't make sacrifices or take risks for the sake of a long-range gain. As a result of such attitudes on the part of young high-school graduates — including some very bright ones — many educational institutions are piling up loan funds with few takers.

The National Defense Education act passed in 1958 permits a student to borrow \$1,000 a year, up to a total of \$5,000, for college expenses. The

loan is to be repaid over ten years, starting one year after leaving college.

These are not direct government loans, although the government does add \$9 for each dollar now in the college-loan fund. The school itself administers the loans. It is possible for the first time in history for any qualified young person earnestly desiring a college education to get one.

I have often discussed with high-school seniors the advantages of loans for higher education. Their responses are so standardized that they might almost have been memorized. The boy will say candidly that he has no wish to "waste" another four years. He wants to get a job with some good outfit and start working his way up. If he gets in on the ground floor at an early age, he can retire under the company pension plan before he is old and broken. Then in due course Social Security will add its mite to assure a serene old age.

I point out to these lads that today a college education is worth from \$100,000 to \$150,000 in increased lifetime earnings.

"Well, maybe so," agrees the student, "but taxes will take a big slice out of that added income. Besides, I want to get married and start raising a family. I don't want to saddle my wife and children with a big debt for my education."

The girls go into a somewhat similar recital, concluding, "I won't carry a debt to my husband."

What has happened is that, in effect, everyone has moved backward a notch. Today the young man or woman with a high-school diploma is approximately in the position of a grade-school graduate a generation ago. For the foreseeable future the high-school graduate will be called upon to do most of the nation's work. And so increasingly complex have our tasks become that he will have to run as fast as he can merely to keep the same place.

Years ago we spoke of "getting a college education." Now the talk is all of degrees. The degree, Bachelor's, Master's, Doctor's, has become a glorified union card. With it you qualify for the job, without it you haven't a chance. "A college education isn't essential," declares one of my cynical friends, "just having a degree will do."

Yet our institutions of higher education are doing the best they can against tremendous obstacles. And their best is in many instances so surprisingly good that many of us, out of school for a generation, must admit that today's kids could give us a tough time if we should find ourselves in the competitive job market. The big question, however, is not whether education is better than yesterday but whether it is good enough for tomorrow.

Too many students are getting into college simply because someone somewhere along the line stands ready to foot the bills. They lack the ability and stability to absorb

what professors are trying to impart. Educators are fully aware of this condition. So are employers.

"Sure, academic standards are getting lower all the time," said a recruiting officer for one of the big electric companies. "But what's to be done? We need men with at least some training. If we can't get an Einstein, then Joe Doaks will have to do."

Educators are currently driven to distraction by the prospect that college enrollment probably will double within a decade. Even assuming that our taxpayers and philanthropists would put up the desired dollars, we couldn't throw together enough walls and dig up enough instructors to send a simple majority of our high-school seniors through college. They just aren't going, and that's that.

The next generation may decide to send more persons to college for shorter periods of time. There are persons alive today who can recall when a physician, surgeon, lawyer, or architect could enter his calling through the apprentice system with only a basic educational background.

One recent salutary movement is the revival of liberal-arts courses in our schools, particularly in the freshman and sophomore years. For 15 or 20 years, and notably since the Sputnik, technical courses have tended to obscure the humanities.

A study I made in 1954 of the requirements laid down by corporation recruiting officials visiting one Midwestern university indicated that

scarcely one in nine wanted to hire the liberal-arts graduate. In 1958 a similar survey showed approximately three in ten calling for job candidates with "some majors in the liberal arts."

Perhaps the tide has begun to turn back toward pursuit of the humanities. Do not discourage your child if he shows a natural tendency toward, say, philosophy or sociology. We shall need all kinds of talent to operate successfully a world that grows increasingly complex. Do not mar a promising poet in an unavailing effort to produce a Pasteur.

Certainly we must hearten our youth of promising potential to turn their talents and their time toward

scientific endeavors. But let us be mindful of the fact that in a balanced social order there will be need for logic as well as logarithms; for merchants as well as mathematicians. And the typewriter may prove a tool quite as essential in its way as the test tube.

The aim of American education should not be to *make* anything out of anybody. The purpose of education is to open minds. "The mark of an educated man is his ability to see something in a mud puddle besides mud." We may hope to whet the intellect of a potential pundit or plumber. Thus we may direct him toward a more perceptive role as a citizen of an expanding universe.



IN CATHOLIC DIGEST NEXT MONTH

• When Christopher Walsh first laid eyes on Buffalo Bill, Christy was a nine-year-old boy who sat enthralled by the great plainsman's Wild West show. Some years later, Christy, by now Father Christopher Walsh, became Buffalo Bill's hunting companion in the Colorado mountains. The friendship had an astonishing result. The distinguished novelist William E. Barrett tells the exciting story.

• "Being an archbishop," Cardinal Spellman once remarked, "is like being a runner in an endless relay race. You are handed the task, you run as hard as you can, and then, after you've covered the distance, pass on the task to another." The concluding installment of *The Cardinal and the City* shows the profound truth of the cardinal's observation.

• Most tots play "going to school" and look forward to school with genuine joy. Yet the first day often finds the same little ones tense and fearful. How can that change be avoided? Sister Catherine, an experienced teacher, has valuable information and advice for parents of 1st graders.

By Dan Jacobson
Condensed from "Our Times: The Best
From 'The Reporter' " *

The Day I Bought a Purple Car

Things were different back in England

We hadn't been in California for more than two days before it became obvious that we simply couldn't manage without a car. It wasn't a luxury here but a necessity. We had lived for three years in England without a car, but California was clearly different.

When everyone has a car, everything is built on the supposition that everyone has a car. For the pedestrian the distances are defeating, and the public transport is bad. Because everyone has a car, the busses run rarely, and because the busses run rarely, everyone buys a car.

The man without a car is caught in the middle of this circle, from which point he can watch what busses there are going at infrequent intervals along routes that only the bus drivers seem to know about. These busses never have more than three or four passengers, and the driver's air of boredom and disbelief in his own occupation can be seen from a distance of many yards.

Clearly we had to have a car. All our friends said so, too. "You can't manage without a car here," they



said. "You can pick one up cheap, you know."

They made it sound so easy I was ashamed to admit that I didn't know how one actually went about buying a car. People always underestimate the helplessness of the bewildered newcomer, who finds it difficult enough to walk to his temporary lodgings from three blocks away, let alone do anything as hazardous as driving the distance. And I wanted a cheap car, a really cheap car.

Dan Jacobson, a novelist from South Africa, got acquainted with American used-car lots while he was studying at Stanford university.

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I had thought of something in the neighborhood of \$100, but when I said this they frowned. They said you had to be careful if you went down that low (there was all the more reason to be careful if you went any higher, I couldn't help thinking).

They said—and here my heart sank into my boots—that at that price it was purely a matter of luck. I have a feeling that that sort of luck, the luck purely of the draw, has never been mine. I felt this acutely when my requests for the name of a reasonably honest used-car dealer were met with such humorous remarks as "Now you're asking for something!"

What I was secretly asking for was someone who "knew about cars" to lead me to one particular car among the several thousand on display along the busy highway nearby. There was no way I could distinguish one lot from another, and they all looked like circuses to me.

Suspended over the rows of cars in every lot there were rows of multi-colored plastic whirligigs that spin around when the wind blows. There were strings of streamers as if royalty were soon to pass by. There were neon signs, banners, chalked-up signs, and painted signs promising the prospective buyer easy credit or a radio in every car.

There were also the cars themselves. They were all the circus anyone could want. They were swollen, puffed-up monsters, shining in all

colors. Inside they were like rooms, with their lounge seats and their radios and their heaters and their color schemes. Their steering wheels looked as though they had been made out of ivory and whalebone and jade and pewter and other semi-precious substances. Their dashboards looked like the things that jazz bands play in front of in the films. And they all looked factory new to me.

It had been nearly four years since I was in a country where American cars were in free supply, so the styles of the last four years were all equally new to me; and there were so many of them—so *many* styles, so many colors, so many cars, thousands upon thousands of them parked bumper to bumper in great rows, platoons, regiments, armies of gleaming and curved metal and glass.

"Clean!" the signs shouted. Clean? These cars positively shone; they glittered. Why tell me that they were clean?

This was no way to buy a car, but things moved as they always did. The fifth morning after our arrival in California I went with a friend who knew no more about cars than I did to inspect a \$200 car that it had been arranged I was to see. Mr. Dickson, we had been told, was expecting us, and we drove down the highway to him.

We found him in a wooden shack behind a phalanx of cars, under the usual bits of bunting and rows of whirligigs. Mr. Dickson was dressed

in a lightweight suit that shone like some kind of metal. He had a tall, thin frame, the anxious, lined face of a victim of dyspepsia, and the tanned skin of an outdoor man.

He was eager to please. He shook hands, said, "It sure is hot," and guffawed suddenly, a surprisingly deep sound that matched neither his frame, his restless eyes, nor the smile through which the sound was uttered.

He took us across the sand between the cars to the purple one we had come to see. "She doesn't *look* so good," he admitted, "but that dent in the door doesn't mean a thing. Look, it opens, it closes." He guffawed again. "If it wasn't for that poke in the ribs there we'd be asking \$300 for her. But that doesn't mean she can't run. Get in, try her, look around, take your time, make up your mind."

His patter was exhausted. He attempted to revive himself with the deepest and most sepulchral guffaw we had yet heard from him. He failed, and withdrew with a kind of listless tact to one side, leaving us to look around.

Tact was called for, for neither of

us had much idea of what we should look for. I opened the hood and we both stared inside, and then I closed the hood. We opened and closed all the doors. We switched on the lights and switched them off again. We started the car and drove it around the lot; we revved the engine; we brought it back to where Mr. Dickson stood listlessly on the sand, his lean figure casting a lean shadow in front of him, and I saw how he got his tan.

We were back later that afternoon. I was almost surprised we had managed to find the place again, that it was still there, that Mr. Dickson was still there, that Mr. Dickson recognized us, and that we recognized him. When I had signed the bill of sale, Mr. Dickson took it from me and looked carefully at the signature.

"You won't regret it," he said. "You've bought a good car, Don."

Friends in England had written asking, "What's it *like* in California?" Until a used-car salesman in a lot somewhere along the highway has called you by what he imagines is your first name you have no idea *what* California is like.



SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

The wife of the struggling young writer was the social hit of the evening. Both the men and the women at the party sang her praises.

"She's charming," the hostess told the writer, "and that dress she's wearing is a poem!"

"Not a poem," he corrected. "Sixteen poems, five short stories, and nine articles."

Ruth Stocks.

Background of Bigotry

The Nativists and their fake nun, Maria Monk, lighted fires of hatred that still smolder in the respectable "suspicions" of today

ANTI-CATHOLIC prejudice in the U.S. is older than the nation itself. Many of the colonies had laws inimical to one religion or another, particularly to Catholicism.

In the 1820's, the elite who had governed America the colony and America the Republic, "the pure Anglo-Saxons" as they called themselves, awoke to discover that their country had been invaded by an "army of foreigners."

The "pure-blooded" Americans certainly loved American institutions and freedom—they said so loudly and at every breath. They warned of mortal perils for the Republic from the hordes of "mongrel" aliens coming to our shores.

True, some newcomers were paupers, briefly filling hospitals and relief rolls till they tasted the joys of America by working 16 hours a day. There were starving Englishmen, victims of the new British factory system; Irishmen fleeing persecution and famine; Germans escaping from crop failures, ugly tyranny, and religious persecution.



The newcomers brought new cultural mores, strange foods, strange ways of living: Irish reels, scapulars, and mulligan stews; German *Gemütlichkeit*, sauerkraut, and beer gardens. Such novelties seemed an affront to long-faced Puritanism hating all the arts. The invaders disturbed consciousness of kind; the new fur smelled different.

The newcomers brought their own religious creeds. New Protestant splinter sects were looked upon with distaste, but the Catholics aroused hatred and terror. Anti-Catholicism, inbred in the bones of the settlers since *Mayflower* days, now took on a flaming intensity.

Ironically, it was the Catholics who fought hardest for universal

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democratic rights, civil liberties, religious freedom, nonsectarian education, and full political participation. They didn't always fight modestly, or in the approved "American" fashion.

When provocations became too great, the menace to churches, property, and lives too alarming, the Catholics also rallied with guns and murderous glint. But mostly it was the old-timers, in the name of "the true Americanism" they were so busily destroying, who resorted to whippings, brandings, arson, and murder. They used them against Catholics as they had earlier used them against Baptists, Methodists, Shakers, and Quakers.

Nativist groups, like the secret Order of United Americans, a jingoistic, antiforeign, anti-Catholic society, sprang up. The oua banners showed a hand grasping the neck of a vicious, coiled snake, symbolizing the crushing of Catholics and foreigners.

Abuse of Catholics, remarked the *Western Monthly Review* in June, 1835, had become a "regular trade," and the writing and publishing of anti-Catholic books "a part of the regular industry of the country, as much as the making of nutmegs* or the construction of clocks."

The climax came with the "disclosures" of Maria Monk, an alleged nun who claimed to have escaped

from the Hôtel Dieu convent in Montreal. She stated that she and other nuns had been seduced by priests who gained entrance through a secret tunnel, and that she had become pregnant. Illegitimate babies were baptized, strangled, and thrown into a basement. "This," the mother superior was supposed to have explained to her, "secured their everlasting happiness, for the Baptism cured them of all sinfulness."

Maria claimed to have escaped to save her unborn child. More likely she was frantically seeking to account for it. She had never been in the Hôtel Dieu, but had "escaped" simply by walking out the front gate of the Catholic Magdalene asylum, a charity reform school for wayward girls. According to her mother, Maria had been raised a Protestant, but in an infant fall a slate pencil had been driven into her brain, and her conduct had always been bad. The mother's statements, even if true, indicated maternal resentment and instability, a relationship that must have aggravated Maria's neurotic condition.

Maria falsely related how she had entered Hôtel Dieu as a novice, had recanted and married, then had returned to take the veil. On a first attempt to escape, she said, she had been brought back forcibly by priests to keep her from disclosing the truth about the Hôtel Dieu. She then tried to drown herself, she claimed, but was saved by two workmen. This deliverance convinced her she had

*No doubt an apt allusion to the alleged practice of some early Connecticut citizens of manufacturing and selling wooden nutmegs as genuine, whence the state's nickname.

been divinely chosen to expose "the horrors of Popery."

Her husband, she claimed (according to her mother, he was Maria's lover and the father of her unborn child), gave her enough money to get to New York. He may have been the unfrocked priest William K. Hoyt, long dedicated to anti-Catholic propaganda and closely associated with the worst New York rabble rousers.

Arriving penniless in New York, Maria again tried to commit suicide, this time by starving herself in a secluded spot on the outskirts of the city. But four hunters found her and took her to a charity hospital. There, about to give birth to her child, she asked for a Protestant clergyman to whom she could tell her woes.

Her yarns clearly indicated advanced paranoia, a hate complex against her own mother and against the good and kind Sisters of her school. These emotions were complicated by the inevitable pettiness of prolonged intimacy with those of her own sex. Also involved was a loathing for religious discipline. Maria's mythical "escapes" represented fantasy fleeing from reality.

Her paranoid hallucinations were readily swallowed by gullible doctors. For self-seeking demagogues she was a gold mine. From her could be extracted poison for injection into weaker minds. For her, the sudden attention provided a feeling of being wanted; she became a superior being, an agent of God. The acceptance of

her deranged fancies as truth gave her the satisfaction of imagined sanity.

Hoyt also came to New York. He probably brought her to the hospital himself; certainly he was the one who led the anti-Papist crusaders to her bedside. Soon she was surrounded by a fever-eyed crew of religious demagogues and unbalanced fanatics: the Revd. J. J. Slocum; the Revd. Arthur Tappan (brother of the abolitionist); Theodore Dwight (Connecticut lawyer and banker, a grandson of Jonathan Edwards); the Revd. George Bourne (long-time demagogue and vice president of Hoyt's anti-Catholic Canadian society); and the Revd. William C. Brownlee (editor of the vicious *Protestant Vindicator*).

For Maria in the hospital, confession to the friendly souls ringing her bedside was a shrugging off of her burdens onto broader shoulders. Confession is often a relief for even less troubled souls.

How about the male harpies crowded about her bedside? Strong personalities, seemingly, but they were obviously angry, unhappy men, whether slyly self-seeking or deeply conscientious. The greater the hate they displayed, the surer they were of leadership. The figures of speech used by Know-Nothing or Nativist leaders such as Bourne and Brownlee in their harangues have a typical dream-fantasy quality that betrays their inner perversion. They constantly talked about burning down

the evil edifice of Roman Catholicism and they suggested many sadistic punishments. They wanted to whip and frighten Catholics and foreigners, but "only as a good, loving father would do," to awaken them and lead them out of the brimstone flames to safety. The Know-Nothing hate orators constantly revealed their inner psychotic dilemmas: fire, arson, sadism.

Slocum was to be the ghost writer of Maria's *Awful Disclosures*. But Dwight had a hand in it, also, and Hoyt and Bourne made suggestions. Bourne took her manuscript to Harper's publishing house. But the manuscript was too scandalous for the Harper imprint. However, it was obviously a sure-fire money-maker, so a false-front firm was set up by two Harper employees, Howe and Bates. The book appeared in 1836, and became a best seller overnight.

Although Maria was obviously psychopathic, her avid public was whipped to white-hot emotion. In the furor nearly all rational religious discussion regarding the mind and soul of man disappeared.

She was a born exhibitionist. She now was provided with feelings of respectability, and she had a perfect outlet for her aggressive instincts. Aggressive psychopaths have frequently been saved from inner disintegration by a righteous crusade. Primitive societies, anthropologists tell us, worship the mentally abnormal person as a sacred messenger of the divine spirit. Even in modern

societies such unbalanced types often exercise hypnotic power over vast multitudes. In some uncanny way, they strike down through normal reason to powerful subconscious forces.

Such "inspired" characters found "religions"; they smash saloons; they may even come to rule whole nations, as Hitler did. Hatemongers succeed by providing a "noble" outlet for desperate, submerged forces. Maria was now in the happy state of having her paranoia accepted as normal. She was praised by the respectable.

The Catholics issued prompt rebuttals of her *Awful Disclosures*, pinpointing falsehoods, presenting affidavits. Slocum came out with *A Reply to the Priests' Book*, with affidavits obviously fraudulent and excerpts from earlier exposés.

Some Protestant ministers remained discreet; a few were outraged by the fraud. An offer by Brownlee's Protestant association to send a committee, including Maria Monk, to Montreal to conduct an on-the-spot investigation was indignantly rejected. But two Protestant ministers of high repute did look over the Hôtel Dieu. They nosed through it from cellar to garret and announced that it bore no resemblance whatever to the place described by Maria Monk. Slocum retorted hotly that masons and carpenters had altered its appearance. At a public meeting he demanded that he and the rabid anti-Catholic inventor, Samuel F. B.

Morse, be permitted to make an "honest" inspection.

A few people, formerly gullible, were now shaken by doubts. But the great public had taken Maria to their hearts. Other "escaped" nuns began climbing convent walls and regaling the public with spicy tales, at considerable profit to themselves or their backers. One such imitator of Maria Monk was Millie McPherson, reported to have fled from a Kentucky convent in 1836.

Soon another nun "escaped" from Hôtel Dieu: Saint Frances Patrick, as she called herself. She appeared in New York under the auspices of Samuel B. Smith, editor of the *Downfall of Babylon*. She claimed to have known Maria Monk in the convent, and said that Maria's account was absolutely authentic.

Smith was trying to shore up his reputation as the leading hatemonger. In his *Downfall of Babylon*, he had stated that his publication would "shake the mighty Babylon to her center" with revelations that would make "the darkest night blush, and nature shrink with horror."

So tremendous was the demand for his sleazy product that he moved the paper to New York. But Brownlee, while not disdaining such salacious material, was cleverer. His handling of the Maria Monk materials had boosted the *Protestant Vindicator's* circulation far beyond that of the *Downfall of Babylon*. With Saint Frances, Smith saw a chance to regain his share of the limelight.

He announced that her "confessions" would run serially in his publication, and he rushed into print a preliminary pamphlet telling of her escape.

Frances' story was called *A Decisive Confirmation of the Awful Disclosures* (of Maria Monk). Saint Frances strutted on lecture platforms and in pulpits, titillating congregations with spicy revelations. So well did she go over that Smith was able to make a deal with Brownlee to have Saint Frances and Maria appear together.

Saint Frances had never been in the Hôtel Dieu; she had never met Maria before. Both girls knew this; so did Brownlee and Smith. But on the platform the two little exhibitionists would fall into each other's arms, sobbing and gushing as though it were the first time they had seen each other since their convent days. They would then proceed to tell of their life together at Hôtel Dieu, and the immoralities to which they and other nuns had been subjected. The dual emotions of pity and prurience, with horror piled on thick and heavy, more than satisfied their audiences.

When Saint Frances was exposed as a complete phony, Brownlee immediately covered up by saying she was a paid agent of the Jesuits set loose to discredit Maria. But even after the exposure, Saint Frances and Maria were invited to share the platform. Gradually Saint Frances was dropped, but Maria continued to be invited to churches up and down

the land to recite her shameful tales.

Late in 1836 Col. William L. Stone, Protestant editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, happened to be in Canada and, though he was a fervent Nativist and pronounced anti-Catholic, obtained permission to go through Hôtel Dieu. With Maria Monk's book in hand, he went over every inch of the place. Then he came forth into the sunlight, rubbing his brow. Being an honest man, he branded Maria's story false from start to finish.

The rabble rousers subjected him to a ferocious smear campaign. He was "Stone blind," an agent in the pay of the Jesuits. A play ridiculing him was presented. A book-length satiric poem illustrated with lithographs ("done on Stone") made fun of his inspection tour.

But Stone's high reputation raised doubts in new quarters, and Protestant ministers began drawing back from the filthy mess. A few even denounced Maria.

Other sordid details came out when Hoyt sued Slocum and Maria for a share in the profits from her *Awful Disclosures*, still bringing in big money. Maria and Slocum thereupon brought suit against Harpers' *et al.* However, Bourne held the copyright and contract, and it was so drawn that only he and Harpers' benefited. The court refused to award Maria and Slocum a penny.

Maria cracked under the strain of litigation and from being so much in the public eye. In midsummer of

1837 she disappeared. She popped up later in the home of Dr. W. E. Sleigh in Philadelphia. She claimed that she had been abducted by six priests and held incommunicado in a Catholic asylum to prevent further disclosures. (Another book by her was in preparation.)

William Hogan, an excommunicated priest and rabble rouser, rushed to Sleigh's home and, over the physician's protests, hurried Maria back to New York.

Maria's new book, *Further Disclosures*, was rushed through the presses. It elaborated on her previous experiences and described Nun's island in the St. Lawrence river. Brownlee dressed her up as a nun again, and took her on another round of lectures.

The scandal grew larger in 1838 when Frances and Maria both gave birth to illegitimate children. No one dared claim that the father of this child of Maria's was a priest: the previous year she had run off with another man and had lived with him in a Philadelphia boardinghouse under the name of Jane Howard. Brownlee declared that her immoral conduct was deliberately arranged by the Jesuits to discredit her exposures. But she was fast becoming a liability, and even Brownlee had to recognize the fact that Maria was not in a fit mental state to be exhibited at lectures.

Brownlee finally gave up all hope of reconditioning Maria. In 1840 he tried to publish the memoirs of a

third escaped nun from Hôtel Dieu, but by then the sands of credulity had run out. Years would have to slip by before a new crop of escaped-nun hoaxes could be foisted on the public.

Maria married; either she was committing bigamy or she had lied about her previous marriage. By this time she was an alcoholic, and her freakish hallucinations caused her husband to desert her. Some years later she came into the limelight again when arrested for picking pockets. She died in prison.

Such was the pitiful end of the angel of the bigots. Such is the story of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin of Know-Nothingism." It had stirred the whole country to hate and violence. *Awful Disclosures*, product of a disordered brain and the schemes of unprincipled demagogues, sold more than 300,000 copies before the Civil war. Even in 1874, when another

edition appeared, Maria's name was still a rallying cry.

As late as 1916, the volatile Georgia populist, hatemonger, Jew and Negro baiter, Tom Watson, in *Watson's Magazine*, tried to prove that Maria had told the truth. He published affidavits by old men who declared that secret passages really had existed at Hôtel Dieu. Tom Watson was the man who the year before had stirred up a great wave of anti-Semitism, which had led mobs against the governor of the state and had brought about the lynching of an innocent Jew, Leo Frank.

The *Menace*, the notorious anti-Catholic sheet of Girard, Kan., which during the same period reached a 2-million circulation, also found gold in Maria Monk's stale tale. For more than half a century her falsehoods poisoned the minds of millions; even today her ghost has not been finally laid.



PEOPLD: No one can make you feel inferior without your consent. *Eleanor Roosevelt . . . Her sea-gull poise. Mary C. Dorsey . . . Looking like a sheep with a secret sorrow. P. G. Wodehouse . . . Clerks hanging up their smiles for the day. Clare Garden.*

PICTURED: Heat caromed off the burning sidewalk. *Jim Bishop . . . Brook uncorked by spring. Donald Culross Peattie . . . Dumpling clouds. Edna St. Vincent Millay . . . The rain came down like glass-bead curtains. Joyce Cary.*

PUNNED: Her ambition was to be weighed and found wanting. *Ernest Blevins . . . Man-maid sorrows. Catherine Cavanaugh . . . Carte blanche: French credit card. Leon Baden.*

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Submissions cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

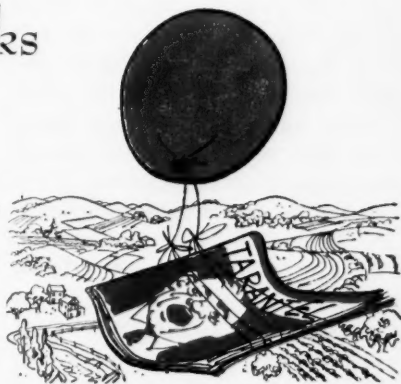
The Merry Pranks of 'Tarantel'

Herr Baer has dedicated his magazine to making communists look silly

THREE MIG-17's were streaking above the windswept plains of Communist-ruled East Germany. They sighted their target: hundreds of white specks—propaganda balloons.

The MIG's started shooting at once. Their mission was to destroy the balloons before they dropped their pay load, thousands of little magazines, into East German hands.

The magazine that rated this expensive attention early last year was *Tarantel*, the product of Heinrich Baer, a witty 39-year-old West Berlin anticommunist. Baer's *Tarantel* (the German word for tarantula, a poisonous spider) has made the Kremlin's life miserable for the last nine years. In that time 40 million *Tarantels*—financed by donations—have been distributed free behind the Iron Curtain. They have been smuggled in by bicycle, rowboat, subway. They've been floated down East German rivers in bottles, and exploded by time



fuses from off the roofs of trains.

The Kremlin has often stopped Baer, but it has never silenced him for long. For instance, Baer had sent copies of his magazine into Vienna to needle the Reds there. The Soviet protested that neutral Austria had no right to distribute the magazine. As a gesture of politeness, the Austrians agreed. The magazine quickly disappeared. But that evening there was a *Tarantel* on every seat of the Vienna-Moscow express.

Baer often mails *Tarantel* in envelopes like those used by the East German secret police or the Communist party. Sometimes he even prints "German Democratic Republic" stamps. One read, "Work slowly in the un-German, un-Democratic Republic!"

Baer's propaganda efforts are not

*720 Fifth Ave., New York City 19. April, 1960. © 1960 by the American Legion, and reprinted with permission.

restricted to his magazine. Once in a while he will send East German maps to all East Berlin travel agencies. Instead of the usual points of interest, like the opera or art museum, Baer's artists will have indicated Red torture chambers, dungeons, or the plush houses of party bosses. But the map covers look so deceptively innocent that travel agencies have handed out hundreds before discovering their true nature.

Baer has also printed railroad tickets that looked genuine but whose fine print read, "To Siberia for those who don't obey Ulbricht!" Not long ago, he made up an exact replica of an East German magazine, the *Eulenspiegel*. It was the same size, it was printed the same way, and it had the same cartoon styles; only the ideology was different. For once, the *Eulenspiegel* poked fun not at the West but rather at the Reds themselves.

Baer has also put out a special international *Tarantel* to sting the Reds in Italian, Spanish, and French. For East Germany—Baer's main target—he prints an air edition, which is dropped by balloon; a general edition, which is smuggled through the Iron Curtain by every conceivable land conveyance; and a slick-paper edition, which is mailed to the party wheels who rule East Germany. (Every month, for example, the paper goes to Gerhard Eisler, the East German propaganda chief.)

Baer has narrowly escaped imprisonment in Siberia several times.

Because of his propaganda work the Reds nabbed him shortly after the war, and kept him in a concentration camp until 1950. When he got out, he started his *Tarantel* operation on a shoestring. Baer, an incurable optimist, felt that the East Germans would welcome a magazine like his. He'd boost their morale by making them laugh at their leaders.

Baer's office is just a few hundred yards inside the U.S. sector of West Berlin. To keep going and stay alive, Baer uses the security methods of professional spies. He makes last-minute appointments. He visits friends unannounced. He never speaks about his travel plans; nevertheless, he changes them abruptly.

Could anyone kill Baer at his home? Not easily. His house near Templehof airport is constantly patrolled at night. There are all sorts of extra locks, and bars in front of all windows.

"Nobody could shoot me," Baer says jokingly. "I don't make a very good target." He weighs only 138 pounds, and stands but five feet two inches.

He has saved his neck several times by a mixture of luck and alertness. Just a few months ago, Baer flew to Bonn on business. He was in such a hurry that he left his car in front of his West Berlin house instead of putting it away in his garage.

When he returned, he started to drive to his office, with a companion. They soon noticed that the car did

not steer properly. They got out at once and discovered that all but one bolt had been removed from a front wheel.

For safety's sake, Baer always keeps a couple of plain-clothes guards watching his office and a series of doors between him and the outside. All visitors are scrutinized through a peephole. In addition, Baer is a crack shot, and he has a spe-

cial alarm system that leads directly to the West Berlin police station.

Tarantel harasses many agencies of the East German government. East German customs officers have to work overtime to check every parcel going beyond the Iron Curtain. The Red censorship office in East Germany alone spends 38 million marks a year on searching mail for Baer's materials.

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

The fire at Our Lady of the Angels school in December, 1958, had repercussions throughout the world and especially in Chicago. Many schools built shortly after the great Chicago fire of 1871 were still in use; these now were condemned and closed. A parochial school in the old Pilsen area met such a fate. It was St. Pius V convent, at Cullerton St. and Ashland Ave., built in 1879. It, too, is taught by Sisters of Charity of the B.V.M., as was Our Lady of the Angels.

The elementary-school building had been rebuilt just a few years before and could still be used for classes. Seven grades were thus accommodated, and an old apartment building provided a temporary convent for the nuns. The commercial grades were transferred to St. Mary's High school but the 8th-grade students still needed a classroom while the new convent and school was being built.

Directly opposite the old convent on Ashland Ave. is a yellow brick structure with mosaic windows, surmounted with the Star of David. It is the Jewish temple, Congregation of B'nai Jehoshua. A much surprised pastor, Father Donald G. Sherry, O.P., was also much relieved when the Jewish congregation offered him the use of the temple basement as a classroom for his 8th-grade students free of charge.

Father Sherry was quick to accept the unusual offer, and tiny Sister Mary Bertha, B.V.M., conducted the regular 8th-grade classes in the Jewish temple this last school year. The new St. Pius V school is nearing completion and Father Sherry will soon have his charges under one roof.

The Sisterhood of the Temple conducts rummage sales to provide funds for teachers of Hebrew at their Sabbath-day classes. In trying to raise funds for the new school, the Parents' Guild of St. Pius also conducted a rummage sale. The ladies of the Jewish temple offered their help and showed members of the guild their methods of conducting a successful sale.

Julia K. Sincak.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Grandpa Magliolo's Five Doctors

They worked out a marvelous prescription for him in his old age

GRANDPA MAGLIOLO was born in Favignana, an island near Sicily. His father and his grandfather were barbers. By the time he was nine, he was standing on an old packing crate beside the barber chair to shave customers and cut their hair. No one saw anything unusual in a boy of nine doing a man's work. This was the way a young man got his training for the work he must do in life.

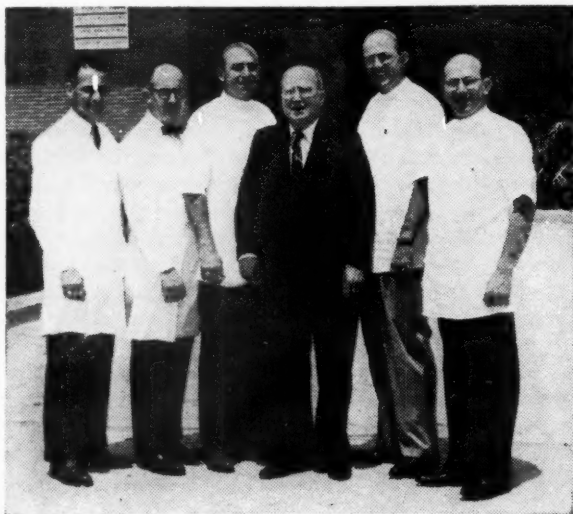
"Ours was not an unhappy home," grandpa says. "In it there was much love and happiness. It never crossed my mind to want things any other way."

But a friend who had gone to America came home on a visit. Grandpa was then 17. He listened to the friend's story with wide-eyed wonder. It seemed to him that his friend must be stretching the truth a bit. Who would believe that a barber in America could own a fine

home, or that his sons could enter professions? The youth asked so many questions that even the teller of the tales became disgusted.

"If you do not believe me, go and find out for yourself," he said.

The challenge was too much for a boy of 17. He began saving his money. The task he faced is almost beyond imagination today. The rules said that when he landed in this country he must have \$50 in his pocket. That, translated into the coin of Sicily, was a small fortune. In



addition, there would be passage money.

Grandpa prefers not to remember the struggle. "Everybody helped," he says. "Alone I could not have done it."

In 1905, he landed in Galveston, Texas. He had the required \$50 and the promise of a job in the barbershop of Rosario Vassalo. He knew two English words, "Thank you."

He entered into an unimagined prosperity. For shaving a man he charged 10¢, and half of that was his. Haircuts were a phenomenal 15¢. Hours were short: 7 A.M. to 8 P.M. on weekdays, and 7 A.M. to midnight Saturdays. During a good week he might make from \$12 to \$15, as much as it took a barber two months to earn in Sicily.

He thought he was on top of the world. He had all the money he could ever use, and he was 20 years old. The temptation to be a gay blade was great. Then he met Grazia Vassalo, daughter of the man for whom he worked. That changed things.

Again he began saving his money.

In a year he had \$200. Success seemed assured. He could speak a little English, and he had some regular customers of his own. He and Grazia were married. Soon they borrowed money and he opened his own shop. Then their first son, Joseph, was born.

"You know," grandpa says, "I looked at this baby, Joe—a not-so-

pretty little fellow—and I said, 'You're going to grow up and be a great man. Maybe a lawyer, or a doctor, or maybe governor. This is America. You can be whatever you want.'"

Grandpa's plans didn't work out as well as he expected. There were babies and bills and war and the problems of becoming a citizen. By the time Joe was old enough, he had to go to work to help the family get along. Joe became a barber and worked in the shop. Ursula, next oldest, went to work as a clerk for the railroad. Soon Adolf, the next son, was in the barber shop.

"We were getting nowhere," grandpa recalls. "I began dropping hints to my boys. Pretty soon I begin to tell them how nice it is to be a doctor. They didn't seem to listen. So I told them what it was like in the old country."

Grandpa cannot say precisely when things changed, but one evening when the family was all together, his sons just suddenly decided that the Magliolo boys would become doctors.

It took every cent the family could find for many years, but one day grandpa sat proudly to see his fifth son graduated from medical school.

"I cried," he says, unashamed. "In my country this could not happen. Many times I have told my boys how lucky they are to be here where they can have anything if they are only willing to work hard enough for it."

Grandpa was even more proud

when the five boys started practice together in Dickinson, Texas. For 17 years now, the brothers have worked together with never a major squabble ("but lots of little ones," according to Dr. Joseph, the senior partner).

As he got older, grandpa did less and less work. The boys tried to make him retire completely, but he refused.

"I like to work," he said, "and besides, there is one more thing I want to do before I die."

The five doctors finally got grandpa to admit that he wanted to visit his native Sicily. During his 56 years in America he had never traveled more than 25 miles from Galveston.

"One night," he says, "all my boys come to me and they say, 'Dress up, grandpa, we go to a party.' So I say I am too old to go to a party, but they tell me, 'Pooh.' So I dress. Pretty soon we are at the airport in Houston, and my oldest son gives me tickets and travelers' checks for \$4,000. My daughter Virginia is there ready to go with me. Then I know how much my children love me, and I almost cry, but I am too afraid of the airplane to cry very much.

"In 21 hours I am in Rome, and then I remember that over 50 years ago it took me 21 days to go from Sicily to Galveston.

"A friend meets me in Rome, and he says, 'Hurry up.'

"But my plane for Sicily does not

leave until tomorrow, so why the hurry?' I ask my friend. And he says, 'We go to see the Pope.' This was not a thing to tease about, and I tell my friend, but he just smiles, and says, 'Come, see.'

"I did meet the Pope, and he talked to me—maybe 50 words, sometimes in English, sometimes in Italian—and he gave me this. (Grandpa's most cherished possession is the medal that he received from Pope Pius XII.)

"Next day I fly to Sicily to the town where I was born. Pretty soon I am standing across the street and looking at the same little barber shop in which I learn my trade—and where I cut hair when I am nine years old. It is just the same. I even talked to men I played with as a boy. They all seem so old, now.

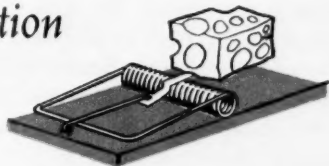
"Finally I know about things. They are what their fathers were and their sons are what they are. No change. Me, I am an American, and my five boys are doctors. All my life I wanted to come home to Sicily but now, real sudden, I know it is nice to visit where I was born but home is in Texas. So I fly. And this time not so much afraid of the airplane."

So today in Dickinson, Texas, grandpa Andrew Magliolo, a pert old man, does as he pleases. Sometimes he will stand for a long time and just look at the ultramodern clinic where Doctors Joseph, Andrew, Adolf, Albert, and Amedeo practice medicine together. He doesn't say anything; he just looks.

By Harry Kursh
Condensed from the New York
"Herald Tribune"*

A Patent on an Invention

*It's everybody's dream
of fame and fortune*



INSCRIBED in a block of granite over the entrance to the U. S. Patent Office in Washington is this sententious remark attributed to Lincoln: "The patent system added the fuel of interest to the fire of genius."

Lincoln may not have been entirely objective in his delicate characterization of a patent as a mark of genius. He, too, had been an inventor. He had received that coveted recognition of genius, a U. S. patent, for his somewhat Rube Goldbergian invention designed to allow a riverboat passage over shoals without unloading its cargo.

If genius may be measured in numbers, we as a nation have done rather well. Since the patent system was founded nearly 125 years ago, about 3 million inventions have been awarded patents.

There were occasions when notable observers would look at such startling inventions as the steam engine, sewing machine, typewriter, and wireless, and groan, "What is left to invent? Nothing worth while. Man's genius has been exhausted."

Now the groaning has altered its pitch. Between lunik launchings and seemingly endless innovations of electronic marvels, we are told that the fire of genius has gone out in America's basement workshops. The day of the lone-wolf inventor is over. It takes a laboratory, scads of money, a jungle of instruments, a battery of engineers, and a team of lawyers to come up with a patentable idea.

The fact is that an average of 90,000 patent applications are filed each year, nearly half of them by independent inventors, including hundreds of women. Most of the lone wolfers succeed in obtaining their patents (even without lawyers!).

Of all the strike-it-rich bugs that have bitten Americans, the hardest-biting and the most tenacious through the years has been the dream of making a swift fortune through invention. Our Founding Fathers saw to this by making America the first nation in history to grant an inventor constitutional pro-

*230 W. 41st St., New York City 18. April 22, 1960. © 1960 by the New York Herald Tribune, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

tection and the right to a patent (Article I, Section 8).

Congress has written many laws on issuance of patents. But wisely it has never altered the basic concept that in the eyes of the law all inventions are equal. An inventor need only prove that his idea, be it better mousetrap or better rocket, is new, useful, and workable.

The complexity of an invention may add to its awe, but it is no assurance of immediate or ultimate financial success. To be sure, from single patents great industries have evolved, bearing the names of their inventors—Goodyear, Westinghouse, Otis. But more often than not they required great investments.

Some of the simplest inventions have reaped the largest, most immediate rewards. Rubber tipping a pencil for handy erasing is said to have earned millions for its inventor. Mark Twain often said that the book from which he had earned the most money was the simplest of his labors and contained not a written word. It was the first self-pasting scrapbook, which earned him over \$250,000 in royalties.

When simplicity is combined with a labor-saving device or something that merely serves human convenience—an art in which women appear to excel—the possibilities of riches are enormously enhanced. A Texas housewife is reported to have made a fortune simply by squaring off a clothespin. She had grown weary of chasing the round rolling

ones. The wife of a noted Broadway composer is said to be earning substantial royalties of her own from her invention of a disposable toilet mop, an idea which came to her because she had found horrifying the sight of wet brushes standing in the bathroom.

The lure of winning a patent for a rather simple stroke of genius appeals to Americans in all walks of life, even to those who ordinarily deal in vaster technical mysteries.

Alexander P. de Seversky, aircraft inventor par excellence, last May received Patent No. 2,887,035, on his latest masterpiece—a “garlic injector,” a gadget for the quick and easy insertion of seasoning into fish, fowl, and roasts. Equally proud of his recently awarded patent is the No. 2 man in the FBI, Clyde A. Tolson, who invented a bottle cap to maintain for months the flavor and carbonation of an opened soda bottle.

Many persons think that a patent protects an inventor's secrets. It does just the opposite. An inventor cannot obtain a patent unless he makes a full disclosure of how his invention works and how it may be constructed. As an inducement, the inventor is granted by Congress the only legal monopoly protected by the Constitution, the exclusive right to make or sell all or part of the invention for 17 years; after that, it becomes public property.

The system has worked well. The capacity of America to generate genius has never been excelled.

The Private-Eye Business

Burns International Detective agency has 12,000 operatives, 50 years experience, and enough back files for an everlasting TV series

AN ORDINARY-LOOKING assembly-line worker clocks out at the end of his shift in a Midwest plant, and makes for the nearest telephone. When certain that he is alone, he dials an unlisted number and begins to report what has happened in the plant during the day.

He is an agent of the William J. Burns International Detective agency. He is part of a network of 12,000 guards, investigators, and undercover operatives.

For 50 years the firm has been building up a profitable business making crime unprofitable. Top companies and prominent citizens pay it some \$20 million a year for services.

Are extra guards needed when Khrushchev is due to tour a factory? Is a cash register in a supermarket periodically short? Are one company's trade secrets becoming known to the competition? Such are circumstances that call for the agency's men. Except for divorce cases, labor espionage, and investigating graft cases concerning public officials, they will undertake anything, any time, anywhere.



Undercover agents assume almost any role. A pretty waitress may be keeping an eye on a cashier. An industrial engineer can note many more things than those required for time-motion studies. There are typists, salesmen, accountants, TV repairmen, musicians, engineers. They enter a company through normal hiring channels so as not to arouse suspicion.

William J. Burns, founder of the agency, who died in 1932, enjoyed a reputation such as is usually accorded only to fictional detectives. He has been called the greatest detective this country ever produced. He was a handsome Irishman of medium build.

He started out under tutelage of his father, a prominent Catholic businessman who became police commissioner of Columbus, Ohio, in the 1880's. The son's first big achievement was to solve the mystery of some forged talley sheets in a state election. From there he went on to join the U.S. Secret Service.

He helped break a famous counterfeiting case in Philadelphia, where two former employees of the Bureau of Engraving were turning out their own \$100 bills. Teddy Roosevelt then transferred him to the Department of the Interior to investigate fraudulent claims for government land in California and Oregon.

Burns first formed his own detective agency in 1909, but later returned to the government to head the newly organized Federal Bureau of Investigation.

He thoroughly enjoyed his dangerous jobs. Among his many admirers were Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, and the novelist Mary Roberts Rinehart, once a neighbor of the family. Several books and plays were written with Burns' help in furnishing authentic details from real life. That process is still going on, for in September, 1959, a television series called *International Detective*, using stories from the agency's files, was introduced on New York's WPIX.

With a deep understanding of how men yield to temptation, William Burns stressed crime prevention

as well as detection. The American Bankers association and the American Hotel association employed him to keep their members alerted about known thieves. That was the beginning of the firm's master file containing description, handwriting, and habits of forgers and swindlers, now the largest such collection in the country. It furnishes material for protective bulletins that are circulated regularly to thousands of banks and hotels, carrying pictures of criminals who are known to be on the loose.

From long experience, the agency knows that crooks always tend to operate according to a pattern. A favorite method is to open a bank account in a strange town, depositing worthless checks from some remote bank, draw cash against the checks, and leave town. Even though caught, criminals often try the same thing again as soon as they get out of jail.

In earlier days some forgeries were so blatant that there was no excuse for their success. Crude paper was used, lettering was imperfect, names and addresses of banks were misspelled. But as banks and merchants became more alert, crooks developed advanced techniques. Nowadays a forger often carries a little hand printing set with him, and carefully copies a legitimate check style on watermarked paper. Others may make alliances with small, nearly bankrupt printing shops, and demand perfect printing.

Two men now active in the U.S.

can present electronically punched stock-card payroll checks imprinted with the names of top U.S. manufacturers. A good many gas stations, stores, and banks have cashed these to their sorrow.

A good deal of the agency's work has to do with protecting companies against employee thievery. The impersonality of a large concern, particularly, seems to give light-fingered workers the idea that their stealing doesn't really hurt anybody. Employee theft costs U.S. industry some \$600 million every year.

A lamp manufacturer called in Burns when he noticed that expensive lamps were disappearing from inventory. A planted operative found that some employees were sending out lamps addressed to friends and relatives along with the regular express shipments. The plant record showed that the shipments made were then stamped "Void," implying that a clerical error had been made. After a few days, the lamps were retrieved by the employees and sold for whatever they would bring.

It is not unusual to find assembly-line workers smuggling parts of entire machines out one at a time. This practice is especially common for electronic components that can easily be concealed in pockets, sleeves, or shoes.

Taking out large objects requires more ingenuity. A hardware-store employee, however, who wanted some power tools got the idea of concealing them in bags of cement,

where their weight would not be suspicious. In his spare time he worked at building fences and walls. He had the bags of cement delivered to his jobs, where he could extract the tools in privacy.

Cases involving such inspired amateurs are often hard to detect. The big criminal rings are not entirely gone, but they are rarer than they used to be. Nowadays it may be the little old lady operating on her own who holds up a bank; the trusted old employee, with no underworld connections whatsoever, who helps himself from the safe; the sales manager who diverts business to rival firms for handsome rewards.

Some of Burns' undercover agents remain in their sleuthing jobs only until a particular case is solved; others stay for years, and even work their way up into more important jobs in their adopted companies. Industry has found that even where nothing out of the way is suspected, undercover agents can often spot inefficiencies or suggest better security practices that will remove temptation.

The agency has mechanical as well as human detectives. William J. Burns' sons, Raymond and Sherman, who now head the firm, have seen to it that modern inventions are adapted to their use as they come along. An electronics division was set up a few years ago to make use of closed-circuit television, radar, infrared light, and electronically tripped cameras. These observers never sleep.

In a remote corner of some restricted property, for example, radar is much more reliable than a human guard to give the alarm the moment anything moves. Closed-circuit television has proved useful for monitoring places where the human eye grows confused—a crowded store, for instance. One man at the viewing screen, with strategically placed cameras, can keep better watch than three or four persons actually on the floor where crowded sales are taking place.

The hidden camera is now widely used by bank clients. It has taken pictures of robbers as they appear at cashiers' windows, making identification easier. Cameras that automatically photograph every transaction can be called upon to give a face to the passer of a bad check even though it might take several weeks to bounce.

Burns not long ago installed a camera that could take pictures in the dark in a plant that was suffering heavy tool losses. When the pictures were developed the management was horrified to see one of the plant's most respected veteran employees calmly entering the tool crib with his own key and making off with plant property.

In spite of modern electronics, no machine has yet been developed that can follow a man through a crowded subway or intercept him buying a plane ticket for Mexico. "The electric eye will never replace the human brain," says Sherman.

One of Sherman and Raymond's uneasiest moments came when they were approached by Russian officials preparing for the Russian Trade fair at New York's Coliseum. Burns regularly furnishes guards for Coliseum events, but the Russians wished extra precautions. More than 100 men were assigned, in uniform and out, to mingle with visitors. But in spite of the lavish display of furs and art objects, there was no trouble at the exhibition.

Credit cards, though convenient for the public at large, are nothing but a headache to Burns. The recent case of a penniless teen-ager who took a \$10,000 tour of the country, stopping at the best hotels, shows why.

Naturally, the current credit-card craze has greatly complicated the Burns' normal job of protecting clients against itinerant crooks. Credit cards are not too hard to acquire by legal means, but forged cards are showing up also, and statistics show that credit-card stealing has become a serious sideline to other kinds of thievery.

The agency is busy figuring out new procedures to protect establishments from the unscrupulous luxury lovers. The executive in charge of this work regards it as a real irony that he himself could not persuade a clerk to accept a check in payment for a radio. He presented identification cards, licenses, and certificates, and finally revealed that he worked for Burns International.

"So you say," sneered the clerk. "You might have stolen all those credentials."

Annoyed as he was, the agency man had to admit that the clerk's attitude, after all, was a tribute to the long Burns educational campaign designed to put storekeepers on guard. It was comforting to know they had succeeded.



KID STUFF

An actor in television Westerns noticed a small boy who was visiting the studios with his parents.

"Well, son," he said. "I guess you would like an autograph."

"No," the little boy answered. "I just want to find out what you do with the horses after the riders are shot."

Variety (3 Feb. '60).



A Minneapolis, Minn., 3rd grader came home and told her parents that the teacher had taught the class how to play baseball that day.

"How did you do?" her father asked.

"I struck out," she said.

"That's too bad," he said.

"Oh, it didn't matter," she explained. "I didn't know which way to run, anyway."

Minneapolis Morning Tribune (26 April '60).



A precocious four-year-old had put in his first day at nursery school. His father asked him what the place was like.

"Well," he said, "they teach the children who hit not to hit, and they teach the children who don't hit to hit back."

Dr. L. Binder.



When my nephew was five years old, he surprised me by saying, "I guess I'll go outdoors now and play ball with God."

"How do you play ball with God?" I asked.

"Oh, it's real easy, Aunt Eunice," he explained. "I just throw the ball up and God throws it back down to me."

Mrs. Eunice Benson.



The teacher was quizzing the pupils on a natural-history lesson. "Now, Bobby," she said, "tell me where the elephant is found."

Bobby hesitated, then his face lit up. "The elephant," he said, "is so big that it is hardly ever lost."

The Monstrance (Sept. '59).

John Ott and the Waltzing Roses

*A pioneer in time-lapse photography has brought
his magic to the service of medical research*

IN THE STRANGE speeded-up world of time-lapse photography, John Ott of Winnetka, Ill., is king. For 32 years the gangling, six-foot-four, one-time banker has explored the secrets of growing things. His unique motion pictures have enthralled millions through Walt Disney's nature films and his own television program, *How Does Your Garden Grow?*

Ott has also been quietly putting time-lapse photography to work as a tool of scientific research. He has trained his cameras on the infinitesimal creatures which cause amoebic dysentery, on ragweed pollen, on multiplying cancer cells.

John was 17 years old when he decided to photograph the unfolding of an apple blossom. On neighborhood movie screens he had seen pictures in which action was slowed down so that the audience could better view the grace of a race horse's stride or the rhythmic swing of a golfer. He intended to accomplish the opposite: to telescope time so that what normally took weeks could

be shown taking place in minutes.

The first day of his experiment he hurried home from school. Once every hour he took a picture of the apple bud. As he went to bed that night, he set an alarm clock to wake him in an hour's time. When the bell rang, he turned on the photographic lights, exposed one frame, reset the alarm, and snapped the lights off for another hour's sleep. So it went all night long.

By the second night he was drowsily taking a picture every two hours. By the fourth night he slept through



*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill. November, 1959. © 1959 by the American Medical association, and reprinted with permission.

the alarm. When he showed his finished motion picture, he was chagrined to see that the blossom jerked open so fast that he could scarcely make out any movement at all. He then knew that he would have to take his pictures far more often and over a much longer period of time.

He removed the works from the kitchen clock to make a timer. He replaced the clock's hands with a bent paper clip which every five minutes made contact with a pin and closed an electric circuit turning a light on and off. Another circuit simultaneously tripped the shutter of his secondhand 16-mm. camera.

At the same time a small electric motor pulled down the window shade so that all the exposures made would have the same lighting. With this homemade device young Ott took his first successful time-lapse pictures.

For three generations his family had been bankers. John, too, went to work for a Chicago bank, but at home he built more complex equipment. He bought flowers and small trees.

Even at this early date he found himself in partnership with the medical profession. An entire family that had eaten pork from a home-butchered pig had been brought to Chicago's County hospital suffering from trichinosis. The late Dr. Earl McCarthy asked John to make microscopic time-lapse pictures of the trichinae going through their life cycle in the tissues of the victims.

Dr. McCarthy showed these films to his classes at Rush Medical college.

In 1940 Ott was given his first substantial fee to make a motion picture. O. M. Scott & Sons, a grass-seed firm, asked him to complete a film which would show the actual death of weeds treated with a weed killer. When finished, his film also exploded current theories as to how the chemical killed. Supposedly the killer made the weeds grow so fast that they died. The film proved that instead it slowed down and distorted growth. At least, the killer worked, and Ott was happy with the result.

Another manufacturer of a popular soil conditioner asked him to make a picture showing how their product helped plants grow. Ott refused a contract when his film showed that plants grew faster and better without the conditioner.

Like many other gardeners, he noticed that flowers and leaves always face into the light and that leaves will droop from lack of water but spruce up quickly when given a drink. He compelled primroses to droop or rise by controlling moisture and temperature.

He made roses sway to one side or the other by alternating the lights. This motion was imperceptible to the naked eye, but before his cameras the flowers danced in perfect time to a Strauss waltz. Although this waltz of the flowers lasts only two minutes on the screen, it tied up all of Ott's cameras for five years. It was worth the painstaking work, be-

cause it caught the popular imagination and introduced the fabulous world of time-lapse photography to millions of people.

For years Ott had been disgruntled over the fact that even with banker's hours it was hard to find enough time for his hobby. He quit the bank. He built a new greenhouse and expanded his laboratory. The costly new equipment resembled the simple pioneering device he had built as a boy. At any time interval that he selected, automatic timers snapped on floodlights, exposed a frame of film, and turned off the lights again.

All over the country laboratories and industrial firms heard of his work and asked him to make films to help them in their research or to sell their products. He made films of the life of a new type of electrode in an electric furnace, the budding of yeast for a brewery, and the germination of the grains of pollen on corn silk. He patiently trained ten cameras on a banana tree for 18 months to record the maturation of the fruit.

Walt Disney asked him to film the growth of a pumpkin for his *Secrets of Life*. The time-lapse magic came full circle when Disney also asked him to film the flowering of an apple blossom and the slow growth of the apple. It took him two years to accomplish a job which had frustrated him as a boy.

When he made a guest appearance on a Chicago television station to show his pictures of flowers, the

studio was swamped with mail and phone calls. He made other local and network appearances, and soon had his own weekly program.

In the summer of 1948 he set to work to help Northwestern University Medical school probe the growth and division of malignant cancer cells. Researchers prepared tissue-culture slides from rat tumors and rushed them in heated thermos jugs to Ott's Winnetka laboratories, 15 miles away. The cameras scrutinized the cells, but to the disappointment of the researchers no division took place.

One day the intern transporting the cells carelessly let the cover joggle off the container. When he reached Winnetka, the slides were cold and apparently lifeless. Ott's first impulse was to throw them out, but instead he placed them in the microscope and started the timer going. When the sequence was shown in the projection room, the cells at first were still. But then they appeared more active.

One pulled into a compact round shape. The chromosomes within it lined up, and before Ott's amazed eyes split in two as the cell divided. From then on, whenever Ott wanted to get pictures of cancer cells growing lustily, he chilled them first.

Most arresting of Ott's tentative findings is the effect of various wave lengths of light on the growth response of plants and animals. Over and over his cameras have recorded plants growing hardier, resisting dis-

ease, and producing a natural pattern of sex distribution when they live in sunlight. Keep the same plant beneath electric lights or even beneath sunlight shining through glass and things begin to change. Vary the wave lengths in artificial light, and changes become more pronounced.

Morning-glories refused to open beneath his regular photographic floodlights. With blue photofloods, they opened halfway. At last, when he placed blue filters over the blue lights, the flowers responded by opening all the way. He also discovered that he could not get an apple to mature and turn red when the only sunlight it enjoyed reached it through ordinary glass. But once he replaced the glass with a plastic which would transmit ultraviolet rays, the apple quickly turned ripe red.

Pumpkin vines flourished beneath fluorescent lights, but all the female flowers turned brown and dropped off before pumpkins could be produced. At the same time the male pollen flowers grew vigorously. When Ott grew pumpkin vines beneath white lights, the female flowers thrived but the male flowers died.

After his work with pumpkins he made time-lapse pictures of tropical fish. Beneath pink lights the fish produced eggs which hatched into 80% female and 20% male fish, with greatly retarded development of sec-

ondary sex characteristics in the males.

A chinchilla breeder in New Jersey, hearing of the experiments, found that she could control the sex of her chinchillas. She obtained female babies if she kept the animals under blue light and male offspring if she kept them under standard pinkish incandescents.

Still other evidence accumulated in Ott's laboratories to show that plants, animals, and human beings suffer if they are deprived of the full spectrum of natural light. Concerned about the serious indoor-lighting problem posed by these findings, General Electric has retained Ott to press new studies. His ideas about the effects of light are being tested on cancer patients. Loyola university recognized his contribution to medical research by awarding him an honorary Doctor of Science degree.

Ott shys away from drawing premature conclusions from his findings. He has collaborated too closely with scientists to make that mistake.

"The time-lapse camera merely points the way toward new areas of research," he says. "I count upon men trained in the scientific disciplines to examine my findings and make the best use of them. But scientists will always find me ready to use time-lapse photography as a tool to aid them in their studies."



If you keep your mind sufficiently open, people will throw a lot of rubbish into it.

William A. Orton in *Think* (June '60).



Non-Catholics are invited to send in questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you and a person of your choice will each receive a ten-year subscription to this magazine. Write to The Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

What would you like to know about the Church?

THE LETTER:

To the Editor: I was most interested in the response you made in regard to comparative modern religions in the February issue of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. It only brings to mind a further question.

A group of us here are studying comparative religion, and we are using historical charts, maps, and the like. We have observed that from a historical perspective many of the ancient (as well as the modern) religions, at least in their origins, were not theistically oriented. You have even admitted this in regard to Shintoism, Confucianism, and Buddhism; and it is certainly true of all the survivals of totemism, animism, and fetishism which existed in primitive societies. These observations would make invalid one of the principal arguments for theism: that men in all places and all times believed in a supreme power.

We would be most interested in your reply.

R. Brooks Manley.

THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

It would seem, Brooks, that you are immersed in evolutionary theories of the origin and growth of man's religious beliefs. It will help our dia-

logue if we realize that your friends and I view this question from opposite poles. I believe that God created man; the evolutionists are likely to

hold, rather, that man created God.

I hold that man can know of God's existence by studying the works of creation, as you might know an author by reading his book. But God exists whether I know it or not, and my rude ideas about Him do not mar his actual perfection. Your friends would rather hold that God emerges from the instinctive needs of man, and grows to greater excellence as man's mind molds the crude creature of his fears into an eventual paragon of Being.

I have another belief, too, Brooks, which we should not ignore or try to conceal, even though it does not enter directly into this discussion. I hold that God revealed Himself directly to the first man He created. Adam knew God better than a modern theologian.

In spite of this belief, I do not find your evolutionary theories particularly disturbing. When Adam got himself expelled from the garden of God's intimacy, he deprived the whole human race of all but a lingering thread of vague tradition about that primitive revelation. So in spite of man's early heritage his practical knowledge of God had to be obtained by his own efforts. Like most things of nature, it tended to evolve.

Some books on the history of primitive religions hold my view of God's primitive revelation of Himself to man. They emphasize evidence that earliest man started out with notions of monotheism and then degenerated into superstition. The Pygmies

of Africa and some tribes of the South Pacific seem to bolster this deduction.

Books of your evolutionists, on the contrary, tend to fit all the facts they find into their picture of the gradual development of man's theistic concepts. As I said, these theories do not trouble me as long as we admit that God exists. It sounds quite reasonable that He has made Himself known to man in an obscure way through his creation, and that man's comprehension of Him has been progressive. Our knowledge of God's creation has been a long time growing. Why should our knowledge of the Creator Himself be acquired more rapidly?

I think then, Brooks, that we may agree on the general evidence of your historical charts and maps. Man has gradually acquired greater knowledge. He has advanced toward the truth of theism. My argument with your friends would begin only when they step out of their historical field and into philosophy. I must disagree when they try to tell me that God is nothing more than a social and psychological phenomenon: a concept, at first confused, which man's mind has gradually clarified through progressive phases of fear and rationalization.

Why do we believe that God is a reality? I think you know well that the so-called universality of man's belief in a supreme power is merely a persuasive argument. We do not claim it to be a conclusive proof. If

we do not create God, neither do we elect Him by majority vote. His existence is not the result of a popularity contest conducted through the ages. The fact that "men in all places and at all times" have believed in some sort of god or gods merely gives added assurance to convictions we have formed on other grounds. It is nice to have people agree with us; and the notion is persistent that surely all men everywhere cannot be completely deluded in their common consent.

We should be careful not to overstate this argument—though I suspect that you have found it overstated in some polemic books. We do not claim that all men in all times and places have been monotheist, or even theist, in the sense we are using the word. We do not say that they have always believed in a supreme power—to use your own expression—but rather in some superior forces or persons above, beyond, and behind perceptible nature. Not all persons would hold these superior powers to be apart from the world, but at least they are potencies hidden beneath the surface of sensible reality.

I willingly concede to you that these universal beliefs of mankind have sometimes been rank superstition, groveling nature worship, or credulous fetishism. But I do wonder if we are not inclined, in our modern superiority, to judge our primitive ancestors a bit harshly. It is possible that fantastic external practices sometimes conceal discern-

ing spiritual concepts of personal gods, creative powers, and lawgiving authority.

Why do we have to go back to the primitives, Brooks? Just how many full-fledged theists do you think we have with us today? Theism is a term hard to define, but we seem to be restricting it to belief in some intelligent, personal, active Being (or beings) apart from the world and responsible for the world.

Several years ago I saw the published results of a public-opinion poll on this subject.* Less than 1% of our people professed themselves to be atheists. But we may take it for granted that not all the 99 faithful sheep were strong professing theists. Many are partial atheists: agnostics, pantheists, practical atheists, and a variety of skeptics and indifferentists.

The number of agnostics is legion. They do not deny the existence of God—in fact, they consider Him fairly probable, since the human mind seems to postulate his existence. But they find no way of proving it. And even if they knew He existed they could, they claim, never know anything about Him.

Pantheists come mostly in two contrasting varieties. They have this in common: they more or less identify God with the world. One group is materialistic; its people hold that matter is the only reality, that life is the sublime product of mechanics and chemistry, that thought is an organic process, and that moral val-

*CATHOLIC DIGEST, Nov. '52, p. 1.

ues have no basis outside man and his society. For them God is a dynamic complex of matter and energy, working its way to intelligent goals.

Other pantheists are idealists. The material universe is only an idea, and God is the cosmic idea, the all-embracing mind, in which our little minds participate. Even though they have our word *theist* in their name, I think we will have to exclude both species of pantheists from our restricted group.

Most numerous of all are the practical atheists. They ignore God's existence, give the question no concern, and order their lives exactly as if there were no supreme Being. If you pin them down they admit Him, but promptly forget again. They have a vague belief in God, but fail to integrate it into their lives. It has no practical force in their attitudes or actions.

By excluding all these partial atheists we probably weaken the impact of our argument that "men in all places and all times" believed in some superior power, but we do retain an impressive company of real, solid theists. Moreover, in most of those we have eliminated we still discern evidence of man's instinctive or intuitive need for some way to account for himself and the world.

I must repeat that our proof of the existence of God is not based on this instinctive need. We do not create or elect Him; neither does He pop into existence because we need Him. Our need might be only a phase of

our evolution; something to be eliminated by education and therapy. Still, it is a persuasive factor that all men everywhere have felt this common need.

You are familiar, of course, with the five traditional proofs of the existence of God which are set forth by St. Thomas Aquinas in his *Summa Theologica*. We hold with him that it is possible to prove convincingly that there is a God, using logical proofs based on the observable facts of creation. The proofs are not overwhelming to everyone; we do not see God immediately. Even in our hardy core of theists are many who are skeptical of our proofs from reason.

Some few, who accept primitive revelation, think that we know about God only because of human tradition, which was originally activated by this first revelation.

Some accept God because they find his image impressed in the human heart. Man's deep-rooted need and notion of God is their only proof of his existence. If you don't find Him in your heart you will never find Him outside. He is not a phenomenon to be observed. These people accept God by instinct rather than reason. They reach Him with their will rather than their mind.

Immanuel Kant found proof of God's existence in the moral order. Our conscience tells us that there is a supreme lawgiver. Cardinal Newman liked the persuasive force of this reasoning. Our argument with Kant comes from his rejection of our logi-

cal proofs, which we find not only persuasive but convincing. We do not need to disregard instinctive needs, intuitive perceptions, common consent, or even the influence of parents, society, and history. They may all persuade and dispose us. Conviction comes from reason first, and then is fortified by faith.

If we are to know God from reason we must start by accepting two self-evident truths: 1. that our reason and senses are generally trustworthy; and 2. that all effects have causes. These are first principles, and there is no logical proof for them. They shine by their own light. If you deny them I waste my time presenting arguments based on them. We cannot talk about mathematics if you reject my claim that one plus one equals two. We will be lost in geometry if we do not agree that the whole of a thing is equal to the sum of its parts.

Those who question causality never do it on the natural or scientific plane. All science is based on it. Deny causality, and all research loses its purpose. Never before on his path of progress has man relied so thoroughly on the principle of causality, even though he may prefer to call it a compilation of statistical laws.

Men deny causality because they do not trust reason. Everything we observe seems to have a cause, and we accept causality as a working principle as long as we can check it by experiment or mathematical for-

mula. But the mind can never be sure of things beyond itself; it can never reach out to the Absolute. We have no way of knowing that causes are necessary beyond the area of our observation.

Traditional proofs for the existence of God are simple enough. There is no way of doubting them once you have accepted the first principles on which they are based. Once you are convinced that reality exists, that you can know it, and that you can trust your own mind in its reasoning processes, then our lines of argument lead you to God.

Each method of proof starts from a different aspect of existing reality, and calls attention to the fact that each phase needs to be accounted for, and does not account for itself.

The first argument is from motion. Whatever moves is moved by something else. Things change, begin to be, cease to exist, live and die, grow and decline. We can find natural causes for most of these mutations, and suspect unknown natural causes for the rest. The object at rest cannot give itself motion, but one thing moves another, alters another, gives life to another. And you cannot go on endlessly with movers which are themselves moved by something else. You must come ultimately to the unmoved source of all motion, to the unchanging cause of all change. This is God.

To our primitive friends, Brooks, and even to their modern brethren, the impressive force of this argument

comes from nature's startling events: the eclipse, earthquake, storms, floods, fires, volcanoes. Routine changes we take for granted. Who sees God in the sunrise? But we may well find Him in outer space.

This argument from motion has its full philosophical force only for the person accustomed to the Thomistic idea of potentiality and actuality. A potential thing cannot give itself actuality. It must receive it from something already actual. And this brings us ultimately to the Being which is all actuality, without any potentiality—any possibility of change.

The second argument is from causality. In all our experience nothing happens without a cause. Nothing causes itself. The cause is always apart from the effect, existing prior to it. We come ultimately to a first cause, which owes its effective power to no other: God.

The argument preferred by the metaphysician is the 3rd one: from contingency, or dependence. Things exist which do not have to exist. We can easily imagine their not existing. Nothing in our known world has a firm, unalterable hold on existence. Nothing we see is necessary by its nature. Each thing depends on other things; nothing owes existence to itself. It might not be; maybe at one time it wasn't; and maybe tomorrow it won't be.

Dependent things can never add up to self-existence. Neither size nor durability makes them less depend-

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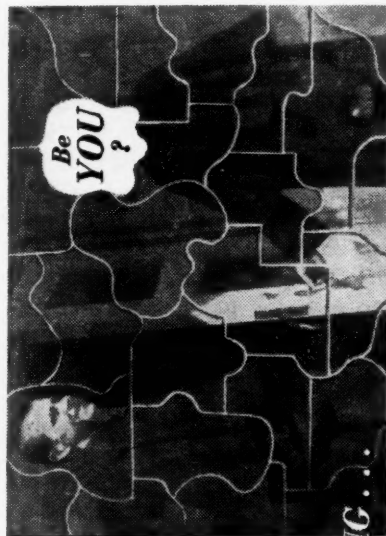
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ent. Dependent things lead us by their nature to something not dependent—to some Being which exists by its very nature—which must be because it simply is, without beginning or end.

This argument is a fruitful source of religious meditation. It gives us understanding of our relationship to God: total dependence. Our very existence comes from Him and is constantly maintained by Him. We live in his hand.

Some people have thought that it should be possible to arrive at a direct intellectual knowledge of God by a persistent process of abstraction. We might shuck off all manner and circumstance of being until we saw Being alone, stark and clear. That would be God. It is reason's route to mysticism. And it is vain, because God can never be known to us directly in a natural way. But its methods are vitally useful. God is Being, pure and simple; and we can learn much about Him by our study of being—abstracted from our experience of existing things. The metaphysician is at the heart of reality. His notions come as near to God as man can get.

The 4th argument is from the degrees of perfection which are found in created things: the good, the true, and the beautiful, life and the nobility of being. As we observe them in created things they are all relative, in varying degrees. The relative demands the Absolute. Limited perfection is received perfection. Beauty

cannot account for itself unless it is perfect. Truth in itself cannot be partial. Life which comes and goes cannot account for all life. Things of limited goodness are not the source of all goodness.

This argument is similar to the preceding one, from being. It is quite different from an idealistic sort of argument which appealed in various ways to St. Augustine, St. Anselm, and Descartes: that because we have a concept of beauty there must be real Beauty to account for that concept. Our idea of goodness must find its prototype in perfect Goodness. And since existence is a perfection, and God must be perfect, God must exist.

The proof which makes the greatest impact on most of us is the 5th one of St. Thomas: that from the order, design, and purpose of the universe. All nature is obedient to law.

Material things, without a grain of sense in themselves, still have a sense of direction and purpose. They are so elaborately and perfectly constructed and behave with such intricate precision that they achieve goals which only a great mind could plan for them. The simple example used by St. Thomas is that an arrow reaches its target because aimed by the bowman. It might hit it once by chance, but if it flies true on every shot it is being handled by an expert.

Chance might fit a rock to a hole; it will seldom shape a key to a lock. Where there is complicated design

there must be a designer. Material things cannot do their own planning. Where there is a vast machine in which a million parts mesh to achieve a purpose there must have been some mental blueprints, and a skilled artisan to machine the pieces. When things are made for a reason it must be Reason which made them. The purposeful planner, the great designer, we call God.

We might add a thousand examples to the simple Thomistic arrow: the marvelous instincts of bees and ants, the purposeful perfection of man's eye or ear, the cosmic order of a billion stars, or the phylogenetic growth of life on the earth.

The example which intrigues me most is the development of the human embryo. Powerful instincts push man and woman into creative union. Two little groups of cells come together; they never saw each other before and have no brains for mutual planning. They have no skill or experience at their job; they work in the dark without hands or tools. They seem to unite, grow, and

divide in profuse abandon; and in nine months they produce the most beautiful, intricate, purposeful, and specialized structure in the world, one which has human life in it: a person who will think and love.

Did chance bring it all about? Like the skilled bowman's arrow, similar little cells will do the same thing a million times over and seldom make a mistake.

Who put the chromosomes in the sperm and ovum? Who fitted electrons into an atom? Who designed the periodic table, planned the transformations of matter and energy, or gave evolutionary purpose to the mutations of living things? Keep on asking the questions! There are a million of them, and the answer is always the same: God.

We like people to agree with us, Brooks. And it is easy to follow the crowd to God. But I can't help it if men in some times and some places were badly confused. I don't accept God because they all believed in Him, but because I see his creation all about me—and in me.



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WE HAD BEEN MARRIED for 31 years, and although my son and I had prayed for my husband's conversion continuously, he had never shown any interest in our faith. Then, on Holy Thursday in 1956, to our surprise, he told us he would like to go to church with us that evening. Why, I cannot say. Perhaps he hated to face the evening alone; maybe his medium of grace was simply a sudden desire to see what was going on.

On Easter Sunday he accompanied us again, this time to Mass. Our son was one of the altar boys. We were well on our way home when my husband suddenly decided to run back, saying he wanted to see the Father about taking lessons on Catholicism.

He became a faithful Catholic, attending Mass and receiving the sacraments every week. He died in December. Before he died, he told us what had stirred in him the desire to become a Catholic: his pride in seeing his son serving at the altar.

Mrs. Herman Laseman.

I WONDER how many converts have had a Sears Roebuck catalogue as their first signpost on the road to Catholicism.

I was reared among people who were strictly anti-Catholic, and married into a family similarly so. My Christian education was slight.

My husband and I went to no church, at first. But I decided that my

daughter should be taught about religion, so one Sunday I took her to a nearby church. The sermon was very bigoted, and made me angry. Several weeks later I had the same experience, same church, a visiting preacher.

Back home after that second shock, I knelt down by my bed and asked God to show me his true Church. Then I sat down in the living room, and idly turned the pages of a Sears catalogue lying there. At the bottom of one page the heading, "Catholic Bibles," struck and held me. Until then, I had thought that Catholics were not allowed to read the Bible. I sent for one.

I was almost two years reading my Catholic Bible through. Meanwhile, the reading stimulated me to listen to Catholic radio programs and to pick up Catholic literature here and there. At length, I was convinced that the Catholic Church was the true one.

We moved to a town where there was a Catholic church. One Sunday my daughter and I went to Mass. I was never so frightened. From then on, we went regularly, and genuflected and stood and sat down with the others.

We moved again, to a city. There my daughter could attend a Catholic school. The good Sisters taught her catechism, and she taught me. As yet, we had no lay Catholic friends; Father had to get two high-school students for godparents when he baptized my daughter.

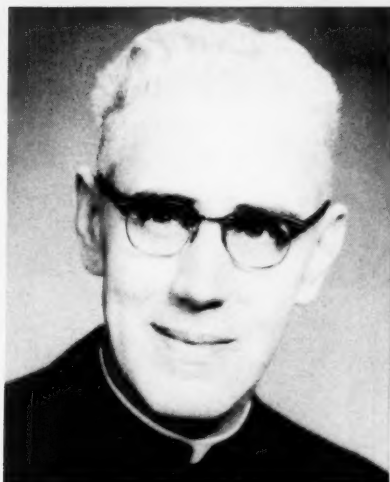
She married a Catholic, and is raising her seven children to be faithful Catholics. I was baptized two years after she was. I am alone now, yet not alone. I live in a home run by the Sisters, and can attend Mass daily.

Mrs. Gladys Johnson.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

*The Reverend Father Arthur A. Barth,
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Iva E. Brundage & Sons
Detroit 4, Mich.
Capitol Card Co., Inc.
New Orleans 12, La.
Columbia Card Co., Ltd.
Dallas 1, Tex.

Harry Doebla Company
Nashua, N. H. &
Palo Alto, Calif.
Greetings Unlimited
St. Paul &
Minneapolis, Minn.
Hye-Quality Card Co., Inc.
Kansas City 6, Mo.

Imperial Greeting Card Co.
Los Angeles 12, Calif.
Midwest Card Co.
St. Louis 1, Mo.
Western States Card Co.
Denver 11, Colo.



